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WITH CARTOON.



THE FIRST VISIT.
FROM A PAINTING BY TOULMOUCHE.

MADELON'S WOOING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Ah, ma m'l, qu'es doun hourouse
D'aver uo goot comu you !
You que coassi, you que hell,
You que troussi la maison."

MANY a light foot in Béarn has danced to the air to which those words were set long ago—so long that but few are left in Jurançon who remember the carnival at which they first were sung. Simple and silly enough they sound :

"How happy, mamma, you should be
With a handsome daughter like me !
You must spin and you must sew,
You must keep the house, I trow."

There is little meaning or sense in the song now; but it once helped to bring a wicked woman to reason, and make a pair of young hearts happy.

I was a lad of twenty then, as light-hearted, and, in spite of my lame foot, as ready for every mad prank, as the wildest of my wild comrades. The boldest and handsomest among us all, however, was Pierre Galondet, the son of the wealthiest vine-grower in Jurançon. All the land on this side of the brook, where it flows into the Gave, belonged to Pierre's father. On the other side began the fields of Ducase, the baker, a rich man too, though he was but a poor simpleton. What little wit he ever had, he had lost by a severe fever, which left him no better than an innocent. All day long he would sit in the sun before his door, smiling and talking to himself. Every thing in his household, however, went on like clock-work; for his wife Maxime was a shrewd, capable woman. What eyes and ears she had! and a tongue before which every one in Jurançon trembled. No one stood more in fear of it, however, than her own eldest daughter, Madelon, a quiet, delicate girl, with soft, blue eyes and fair hair, who found little favor with her great, strong-limbed, loud-voiced mother. Maxime lavished all her tenderness on her second daughter, Marie Louise, who was certainly a splendid-looking woman, with her fresh complexion, full figure, and bright, black eyes and hair. Her abominable pride, however, spoiled every thing. She would scarcely condescend to return your greeting with the merest, most supercilious nod; and, had every *adieu** which fell from her lips been a piece of gold, she could not have been more chary of them. Too fine and too lazy to work, she spent her time before the looking-glass, or in going with the market-wagon to Pau, in order to buy some new piece of finery to be worn at the next dance or *fête* in the neighborhood. When she came home with her purchases, it would be, "Madelon, that handkerchief must be hemmed before to-morrow," or, "Madelon, I must have this apron for mass on Sunday;" and Madelon, after working all day about the house, would sit half the night sewing by the firelight, until her eyes were dim, and her fingers could no longer hold the needle. No one ever saw her, except at church, or by her father's side in the evening. So it went on year after year, just as in the fairy-story. Maxime was the wicked queen who treated Madelon like a step-daughter, and Marie Louise the proud princess to whom all homage was to be paid.

One evening, however, all Jurançon, which had almost forgotten poor little Madelon's existence, was suddenly reminded of her.

It had been a hot summer's day. I was still seated at my work—I was a tailor by trade—in the window of Rose Larry's house, where I used to work one day every week. All at once, a great hubbub arose outside. A fierce bull, which had broken away from his herd, came rushing past, followed at a safe distance by a crowd of men and boys. The few children who had been playing in the street fled, screaming, into the houses. Doors were hastily shut, and frightened faces appeared at every window. All eyes were turned toward the baker's house, in front of which the old man was, as usual, nodding and laughing to himself in his half-witted way. Then came a loud cry of alarm. Maxime had banged-to her door, without paying any heed to her poor husband. It seemed impossible for him to escape destruction, for the furious beast had almost reached the spot. But next moment the garden-gate opens; Madelon rushes to her father,

seizes the old man by the arm, drags him from his seat, and tries to lead him away. He stumbles, falls on his knees—now, certainly, he is lost! But Madelon, with outstretched arms, throws herself in front of him, and it is her dress into which the horns of the brute are plunged. For the next moment I saw nothing more. My heart stood still, and involuntarily I covered my eyes with my hands. But in an instant I heard a loud cry of triumph, and, when I looked again, the rescuer was there. Pierre Galondet knelt on the neck of the bull, and pressed its horns into the ground. Every muscle of his sinewy frame tense and strained, his red scarf gleaming in the evening light, which shed a halo around his long black hair, he looked like St. George with the dragon.

Before I could limp across the street to the spot, the bull was bound hard and fast. The neighbors had raised old Ducase from the ground, and Galondet was supporting little Madelon in his arms. She was weeping bitterly, with her head on his shoulder, when Maxime appeared, with a face like a thunder-cloud, and carried off both husband and daughter into the house.

That evening nothing was talked of but Madelon's devotion and Galondet's daring and strength, and it was some days before the affair passed out of people's minds. From one person's thoughts, however, it did not pass even so quickly.

Four or five evenings afterward, Pierre came to me. Though he tried at first to talk of indifferent matters, I could see that something was on his mind; and soon it came out. He must see Madelon, and wished my aid to effect this. Bashful as a woman, with eyes cast down, and almost in a whisper, he urged his request.

"I need not tell you I mean nothing wrong," he said; "but people will gossip, and not for the world would I be the cause of Madelon's being talked about. It must be managed cautiously, too, on account of Maxime. You can help me. Will you do so? And quickly, too, for I cannot wait."

"It is easily arranged," I said. "To-morrow I am to work for Maxime, and she and Marie Louise are going to market at Pau. You pass by about noon; I am sitting in the window, and give you a sign if the coast be clear; if any one see you, why, you came in to see me—that is all."

Everything happened as had been arranged. Maxime and her darling did go to Pau; and when, punctually to the minute, Galondet made his appearance, I gave the signal. Father Ducase was asleep in his arm-chair by the chimney-corner, and Madelon sat by his side, preparing vegetables for the soup simmering over the fire. Suddenly, up she jumped, with a face red as a rose, while the turnips and onions and cabbage in her lap went rolling among the ashes. Galondet had come in. He went up to her quickly, and seized her hand. After the first greeting, she endeavored to draw it away; but he still held it fast.

"My mother—if you wish to see her—she is not at home," Madelon stammered at last.

"No, it is you I wish," he answered; and, without relinquishing her hand, he drew another stool to the hearth, seated himself, and compelled her to resume her former place.

"Listen to me, Madelon," he began, after a moment's pause, and his voice was softer and more gentle than I ever believed it could be—"listen to me, and answer me truly, as truly as when you confess to the good Père Michel. What do you think of me?"

She looked up quickly; her face became crimson, and her lips moved; but I did not hear a sound.

By this time, however, I had gathered up my work, and was on the way to the door. Madelon gave me a piteous, beseeching look, and Galondet signed energetically to me to remain. But I paid no heed—for I have no fancy to play third person at such scenes—and left them alone, old Ducase, of course, being as good as nobody. I seated myself in the shadow of the lilac-bush which hung over the garden-hedge, and remained there quietly at work until the first market-wagons returning from Pau came in sight, and then I thought it time to give the young people warning.

When I went back into the house, I saw that matters must have progressed favorably for the suitor. Pierre was sitting with his arm about Madelon's waist, and I heard him say, as I entered:

"I know this is not according to rule, Madelon. My father should have come to your parents, and asked your hand for his son; and this he shall do, too. But first I wished to speak to you myself, to ask whether you could love me—"

* *Adieu*, or *adictet*, "God be with you!"—the usual greeting in Béarn.

Apparently he had already had his answer; for, when I told them the wagons were coming from Pau, he jumped up, and took his leave without more ado. Before he went, however, he told me his father was going, next morning, into the mountains, to look after his flocks, and fetch the wool from the last shearing. It would be necessary, therefore, to wait a day or two; for old Galondet was a headstrong, crotchety fellow, who did not like to have his plans disturbed, as his son well knew. On this occasion, of all others, Pierre did not wish to irritate him into opposition, and had made up his mind to await patiently the old man's return. I promised to do my part in aiding him to see Madelon as often as possible; and for the next few days it gave me great sport to keep the keen-eyed Maxime and her domineering daughter in the dark, and engage them in front of the house with gossip or compliments, while Galondet was talking with Madelon behind the hedge at the farther end of the garden.

At last, however, old Galondet returned, and the wished-for day came. The wool-market at Nay had turned out well; the old man was in the best of humors, and had raised no objections. I knew from the son the hour at which he was to make formal suit on behalf of Pierre, and so made my arrangements that I was at work for Maxime when, with solemn and pompous step, he made his appearance at the house of Ducase. He was duly gotten up for the occasion—in Sunday coat and hat, a flower in his button-hole, and the long ends of his bright-colored silken scarf hanging down over his waist-coat.

The business took its usual course. On the table was spread the white cloth with red border, which is a sign that the suitor is welcome; and *mettre*,* cheese, chestnuts, and grapes, were set out, with a litre of the best last year's wine. The elders—for the two girls had disappeared as soon as they saw the flowers in the visitor's button-hole—ate and drank, and Maxime and Galondet discussed their farms and swine, while poor old Ducase sat by, and smiled and mumbled. At last the repast ended; Galondet cleared his throat, drew up his square figure to its utmost height, and began his proposal.

Maxime listened to him in silence, while he set forth all that he would do for his son, to whom he asked her to give her daughter as wife, and what they would have to expect after his death. Then she, in her turn, though admitting with affected humility that the Ducas were not as wealthy as the Galondets, yet declared that the bridal outfit of bed and house linen lay ready in the store-room, and with the banker Pierrot at Pau were eight thousand five hundred francs, the half of which her daughter would receive as dowry.

"If that is satisfactory to you, friend Galondet," she concluded, "I shall esteem the alliance with your family an honor."

The old man stroked his chin, and shook his head somewhat dubiously. The dowry was not much, he said. Still, the property—half of which he must have, some day or other—was considerable; and, as his lad was over head and ears in love with Madelon, he would be content.

At the mention of Madelon's name, however, Maxime changed her tone entirely. She had supposed all the time he was talking of Marie Louise. Madelon, she protested, was out of the question. Madelon had no mind to marry—at this groundless assertion I could hardly contain myself—she would not leave her father, with whom she had promised to remain until his death. Besides, Madelon was no match for Pierre—she was sure, Galondet would see this himself—and that Marie must be the one whose hand he was to ask for his son.

But the choleric old farmer had no idea of letting his suit be transferred so coolly from one daughter to the other. Pierre, he declared, indignantly, would not agree; nor would he. Madelon, he had said; and Madelon it should be, or neither.

With this, he grasped his bat and rose to go. But Maxime was too shrewd to let so good a match for her favorite daughter slip through her fingers thus easily. She stepped between her visitor and the door, and, having cut off his retreat for the moment, with the ready tongue she knew well how to use, she represented so ingeniously how ill-fitted such a poor, pale, spiritless girl as Madelon was for the bold, handsome Pierre, while Marie Louise, with her beauty and cleverness, would be a wife of whom any man might be proud, and a daughter-in-law who would do honor to Galondet, both at home and abroad, that I saw the latter, obstinate as he was, began to waver. Maxime saw her success, and did not fail to improve it.

"I do not need to persuade you, neighbor Galondet. Marie Louise has no lack of suitors, and this is not the first who has knocked at her door. The Galondets and Ducas have always fitted well together, it is true, and I was glad to see the flowers in your button-hole; but, as I find you have no voice in the matter, and must take any one whom Pierre pleases to bring you as daughter, even were it a beggar—"

"A beggar, indeed!" cried the other, in a rage. "Though you may be a wise woman, you do not know Nicole Galondet, if you think a beggar will ever enter his house as his son's wife. Whomever I say, he shall marry, and no one else."

"Well, well, perhaps in some other good family a wife may be found who will be more acceptable to all parties."

"Marie Louise, I tell you, suits me well enough," began Galondet.

"But some one else may please Pierre better," interrupted Maxime.

"And why should Marie not please him?" shouted the old man. "No, Marie Louise it shall be! I have said it, and that is enough. On Sunday he shall bring the ring. There is my hand on it."

Maxime could hardly conceal her triumph until her guest had departed, and then she hastened to call her daughter. When she came back with Marie Louise—for Madelon did not make her appearance—I could not sit still and listen to them, as they talked so confidently of the marriage, as if it were a thing as good as settled. So I gathered up my work, and took my departure also, telling them, however, before I went away—for I could not resist firing off a parting shot—that it was as well not to sell the skin before they caught the bear. Pierre was a hard-headed fellow, and, if he had resolved to marry Madelon, was not going to take Marie for a bride.

I went straight to Pierre, who I knew would be at home, waiting impatiently to hear the result of the interview. When I told him what had taken place, he was furious.

"What right have they to dispose of me in that way between them?" he cried. "Madelon, and Madelon alone, I will have. The whole world shall not separate me from her; and, sooner than marry that other one, I would drown myself in the Gave here!"

It was not long, however, before he had his plan made. Nothing would do but Madelon should be secretly married to him.

"Jacquon Vidal will do it," he said; "he is abbé at St. Benoit, and, when I saved his sick mother from the fire last year, he swore, whatever man could do, he would do for me."

He was off on the instant to find Madelon and obtain her consent. I followed him as fast as my lame foot would let me; for, in his present mood, I knew he would be neither gentle nor cautious. A pair of watchful eyes, at any rate, might be of use.

He found Madelon at the brook behind the house, whither she had gone with some clothes which were to be washed—glad to be out of the way of her mother and sister, who were triumphant over the result of old Galondet's visit.

Apparently she had tried to escape by flight when she saw him coming, for I found pieces of linen scattered over the grass, and the empty basket close by the hedge of hazel-bushes, behind which I could hear Galondet's loud voice, and where he must have overtaken her. I hastened to them, to caution him against making so much noise—for the house and Maxime's sharp ears were not far off.

As I pushed aside the bushes, I saw that Madelon had been weeping, and was trembling with excitement and terror.

"No, Pierre," I heard her say, "I cannot, will not, leave my father. He has no one but me to care for him. You are so brave, so noble, every one must love you. You will soon forget me."

"Would you have me wed Marie Louise, then?" cried Pierre, passionately. "No, Madelon; neither father nor mother shall separate us."

"Ah!" interrupted Madelon, "you do not know my mother. What she wills, she carries through; you will have to submit."

"Submit?" shouted he. "Never! I ask nothing but my right, and of that neither she nor any one shall rob me. You belong to me! What I ask of you, you shall do—if not willingly, I will compel you. Try to escape me if I once would hold you—try!"

He seized her arm as he spoke. She gave a low cry, tottered, and, before I could reach them, had fallen to the ground.

The poor girl had fainted. I was not surprised at it, after the violent scene, of the conclusion of which I had just been the witness, and

* Bread made of Indian-meal.

the agitation and suspense which the events of the day must have caused her, sensitive and frail as she was.

But Galondet behaved as if she were dying, and he had been her murderer. While I fetched water from the brook, sprinkled her face, and rubbed her hands, he remained on his knees by her side, in an agony of despair. When at last she revived, he was completely conquered. He vowed never again to distress her; promised not to oppose her doing what she considered right; never to doubt her love, but to leave every thing in the hands of the saints above, who, as Madelon assured him, were to reward them hereafter in heaven for the sacrifice they made here on earth.

So they parted. Galondet, who had not yet recovered from his alarm, promising that he would wait patiently until it should please Heaven to relieve Madelon from her duties to her father—every thing else he felt sure could be overcome.

I knew, however, that these good resolutions would not last very long. For a day or two Galondet went about quietly and in silence. I would have felt more at ease if he had stormed, or even complained, for his silence was usually the sign that he had some new folly in his head. What it was this time was made manifest on the following Sunday. High-mass was hardly over at the church, when he made his appearance in my room, attired in his best, and with his most brilliant red scarf. He asked me to go with him to Maxime Ducase.

"To Maxime?" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes, of course," he cried, impatiently. "You know I have to take the betrothal-ring to her daughter, and I must not go without company. Come, my cousin, Nicolai Lennet, is waiting below."

Before I could ask what had made him change his mind so quickly, he was down-stairs again, and nothing was left me but to do as he wished.

After the formal contract had been made by the parents, it used to be the custom for the bridegroom to go with two comrades, or groomsmen, to the house of his selected bride, and complete the espousals. This usually happened on the Sunday following the first act of the ceremony, and always at noon.

When we appeared, Maxime, of course, as etiquette demanded, pretended to have no idea of our errand. She assumed, as far as possible, an expression of complete unconcern; welcomed us politely; inquired after our relatives; and then asked what refreshment we would take.

We seated ourselves; Galondet by the side of old Ducase, who had to be present again; and Lennet and myself on the opposite side of the table.

A glass of new wine, we declared, would be very acceptable.

On our entrance, both maidens, as on the occasion of old Galondet's visit, had disappeared by the back-door. So Maxime had to go to the latter and call:

"Marie Louise, we have visitors, good friends of yours! Bring us a glass of wine."

We had not long to wait, for the wine had already been drawn, and the glasses stood ready for us.

Marie Louise, however, would not condescend so far as to wait upon us in person. She sailed into the room like a princess, hands in her apron-pockets, and head in the air, while behind her came poor Madelon, bearing the waiter on which the glasses were jingling together.

On their entrance, Galondet turned fiery red. But, in a moment, he regained his composure; and, as Madelon set the glasses on the table, and with trembling hand began to pour out the wine, he rose, bowed to old Ducase and his wife, and, holding up the glittering gold ring, said, in a loud voice:

"On account of long friendship, and respect for both father and mother, because your daughter pleases me, and my father is satisfied with her dowry, as you are with my portion, I come at his bidding, and with your consent, and with this ring, espouse your daughter."

He made the sign of the cross with the ring; we cried, "Ataou sio" (amen), and then, suddenly turning, not to the right, but to the left, he seized the hand of Madelon, and shoved the ring on her finger!

For a moment we all sat petrified by amazement. Then the storm burst forth.

"It shall not be! Give me the ring this instant!" screamed Maxime; and she rushed toward Madelon, who was pale as death.

Galondet tried to prevent her, but old Ducase, trembling and cry-

ing for his Madelon, got in the way, and Maxime gained possession of the ring.

"Here, Marie Louise, it belongs to you!" she cried, in triumph.

But Marie Louise tossed her head.

"Do you think I would take that ring which another woman has had on her finger?" she cried, contemptuously, while she folded her arms tightly over her hands. "No, thank you, never! If Galondet plays such stupid tricks, he must pay for them, and buy me a new ring in Pau."

"For you, Marie Louise? Never, as long as I live!" cried Galondet, shaking his long, black hair like a mane. "I have espoused Madelon with ring and word, and we will never—"

"Take your ring!" interrupted Maxime, throwing it on the floor at his feet, while Marie Louise left the room with a scornful laugh. "Madelon shall not keep it on any conditions; I will not suffer her."

"Very well," said Galondet, and he picked up the ring—"very well. Force Madelon could not resist, but my bride she is, and always will be, in spite of all you may say. My father sued for her hand; it was for her he made his offer. Jean Baptiste has told me all about the matter.—Do not weep, Madelon," he continued, and turned to approach the latter, but Maxime would not permit him.

"Away with you," she cried, "and never show your face here again!"

Galondest's eyes flashed, and he would have put her aside, but Madelon raised her hands in entreaty. Without another word, he turned and left the house.

We followed him, of course, and, as soon as the door was closed, fell upon him with reproaches. Now, I said, he had settled the business entirely, and Lennet protested Galondet had shamefully misused him, for he had gone with his cousin in the full conviction that the latter was to espouse Marie Louise.

"Marie Louise?" cried Galondet; and his tone told more plainly than words how impossible that would have been. "I meant to throw the ring at her feet, and wished to have you as witnesses. All the rest that happened I had not thought of. How could I know that Madelon would bring us the wine? It was not until then that the idea came to me to make use of the opportunity as I did. But now all is done; you were witnesses; and I hope you will be sensible enough to have no further scruples, but help me to persuade my father to accept the matter as it stands."

We had to admit that he was in the right, and promised to aid him, but I confess that our courage failed us when we saw old Galondet waiting for his son at the house-door.

Pierre, however, did not waver an instant, but, as soon as we had entered the house on the old man's invitation, he began his story, and told every thing which had happened at Maxime's. When his father's anger burst forth, he answered, calmly:

"Father, a girl who is too proud to bring the wine to her suitor, would make neither a good wife nor a good daughter-in-law."

Then, without another word, he left the house.

Old Jeannette, his aunt, who kept house for Galondet, and Pierre Lennet, the father of Nicolai, who happened to be there at the time, declared the lad was right.

Nicolai and I seconded them, and old Galondet ran his hands through his gray hair in despair, evidently at a loss what to think.

Luckily all Jurancion came to his assistance.

The story soon spread, and there was but one opinion. Pierre had the sympathy of all. Marie Louise would have to look elsewhere for a husband. She would find none in Jurancion. No one would wish such an idle, vain, pleasure-seeking wife as she would make. Madelon, on the contrary, would be modest and industrious, gentle and frugal, as she had always been; and Pierre showed his good sense in choosing her.

Old Galondet could not withstand the universal judgment, and, when Pierre came home again, he found, much to his astonishment, his father already pacified, and willing to recognize his engagement to Madelon.

The harmony, however, between father and son, did not help matters much. Maxime remained inexorable. The insolent fellow who had put such an indignity upon Marie Louise should never again cross her threshold, and, of an alliance between the Ducases and Galondets, there could no longer be any thought. Her precious treasure, upon whom she knew the story of the betrothal would bring more ridicule than sympathy, she sent to visit a relative at Orthez. This gave her

the more time to watch Madelon, which she did so vigilantly that Pierre sought in vain an opportunity of seeing or speaking to her.

So the year came to an end. The holidays—Christmas, St. Stephen's, New-Year's Day, and Twelfth Night—were past, when the report came that Marie Louise had found a suitor in Orthez, a man of good family, and partner in one of the largest firms engaged in the ham-and-provision trade in Orthez. She would take her stand with the best of the merchants' ladies of Pau. Maxime beamed with pleasure and triumph, and Galondet thought to turn her good-humor to account. Through the elder Lennet, who was mayor and a man of influence and position, he attempted a reconciliation. But in vain! Maxime, as soon as she discovered Lennet's designs, declared roundly that she would not give a daughter of hers to Pierre Galondet, and, from that resolution, neither saint nor devil should move her.

"Neither saint nor devil!"

When Galondet repeated these words to me, an idea flashed through my mind, and, without thinking, I cried:

"What will you give me if I find the devil who will bring this vixen to reason?"

Galondet, however, was despondent again. It was of no use; Madelon herself could not really love him, or she never could have submitted as she had done.

When he took this tone, nothing was to be done with him. I obtained a promise, however, that he would not hinder me or his companions in any thing we might undertake. Then I set to work.

The carnival was just at hand, and of its aid I meant to avail myself. In those times there were even merrier and wilder doings during the carnival than nowadays. The carnival-plays, which have always been used among us to punish evil-doers and protect the oppressed, were then more in vogue. Many a knave, who was beyond the reach of the law, met his deserts, or was brought to see the error of his ways by means of these farces. Whoever could invent and carry through one of them was sure to find both audience and applause. My proposition, therefore, to invent a play, to be acted during the carnival, was received with acclaim by all my companions. One suggested one thing, another something else, and, when at last the whole piece had been planned, the rehearsals were begun with all possible secrecy. Dresses and masks used in former plays were brought out, and, when the time for carrying out our scheme arrived, every thing was ready for the performance.

Our piece was to be, as usual, a pantomime, with dancing and a chorus. The plot was simple, and its meaning could not easily be mistaken. Upon a wagon—surrounded, of course, by the band of devils indispensable to every carnival farce—is an old woman with two young girls, personated by Nicolas Lennet and two other lads in women's clothes. One of the maidens is tall and stout, decked with all sorts of finery, and sits with her hands in her lap; the other, a neatly-dressed little creature, is busily at work spinning. To the accompaniment of a lively chorus by the devils, up dances a young fellow, with a red scarf, and a bunch of flowers in his button-hole, and sues for the hand of the girl who is spinning. The old woman shakes her head, and gives him to understand he must take the fine young lady, and, when he refuses, drives him away with blows. Next comes along a great lout with a bag of gold under his arm, and driving a pig before him. The gawky girl with the fine clothes lays hold upon him and drags him, pig, gold-sack, and all, upon the wagon. The old dame produces a great brass ring, makes the prisoner put it on the girl's finger, and then gives them her blessing. Meanwhile the other lover comes back, and makes love to the spinner. The old woman catches sight of him, rushes up, and begins to beat the poor girl unmercifully, while the other couple laugh and jeer. But now appears Satan himself—who always, in these farces, must come in at the end to wind up every thing—jumps on the wagon, with an oven-fork in his hand as a staff, seizes and forces the old woman on to her knees, and sets his stick upon her neck. The spinning-girl and her lover throw themselves into each other's arms, and then, as a *finale*, both pairs lead off a contra-dance, while the devils, hand in hand, dance wildly in a circle round them.

Though we all knew our parts by heart, and the play had been rehearsed so often that there seemed no chance for any thing to go wrong, when the Sunday came, on which it was to be performed, my heart beat like a trip-hammer. The representation of one of these farces is no small matter—one gains great applause, or endless ridicule. I had particular reasons to be anxious for success. So far all

went well. Marie Louise had come back, bringing her suitor with her, and they were only waiting until Lent came to an end, in order to be betrothed. The weather was fine, and, at the appointed time, which was just after Vespers, all the actors were at their posts.

We had assembled in the court of Lennet's house. The doors were closed, and we could hear outside the whispering and laughter of the crowd which had gathered to witness our performance, for it had been noised abroad that we had a play in preparation for the carnival. At a given signal the doors were thrown back, and the procession began to move.

First came three musicians with bagpipe, flute, and trumpet. They were followed by the young men who played the parts of Galondet and the suitor from Orthez, masked, and with fool's-caps on their heads—the latter with pig and bag of gold. Behind them was the wagon with the three women, the mules, which drew it, each adorned with fool's-cap and bells, and the end of the procession was formed by the chorus of devils, among whom I had taken my place. Amid shouts of applause we passed on to the centre of the *Place*, and the play began. Nicolas Lennet and Jaquou Caudal played Maxime and Marie Louise to the life, while Cadet Blandier sat with head bent down over his work, just as Madelon used to do, and twirled the spindle as dexterously as if he had never done any thing else all his life long. And then we devils struck up the song:

"Ah, ma mef, qu'es douz hourouse."

What a laugh the spectators set up! The names of Maxime, Marie Louise, Madelon, which one heard on every side, showed that our caricatures were recognized, and the new song met with such approbation, that, when we had repeated it once or twice, the bystanders began to clap their hands in time, and to sing with us—

"Ah, ma mef, qu'es douz hourouse
D'aver nô goûl comu you!"

Of a sudden, however—the false Maxime had just beaten and driven off the industrious spinner's suitor—the laughter ceased; a whisper ran through the crowd, and all heads were turned in one direction. The crowd parted, and next moment Maxime Ducase—the real Maxime—appeared in the front rank of the spectators. Those about her sought to hold her back, but in vain. She tore herself away, dashed into the middle of the group of actors, and seized the bagpiper by the arm.

"Will you be quiet! and you others too! Not a moment longer shall this shameful piece be played," she cried, with a hoarse voice; and then, turning to the spectators: "Are you not ashamed to laugh at such outrages? Are we to be made sport of, in this way?"

But both audience and actors cried that it was the carnival, and all were alike. Some of my companions cursed the unlucky accident, for they did not know that I had secretly sent a messenger to summon Maxime; others shouted for Pierre Lennet, the mayor. When the latter appeared, both parties appealed to him, and Maxime demanded that he should stop the play.

Pierre Lennet, however, had evidently no idea of interfering. "Carnival plays," he said, laughing, "were not meant to be forbidden, but to be performed. If she considered herself aggrieved by our performance, she could sue us hereafter; but at present he could not prevent its going on. Besides, no one had said that any allusion to her, or her affairs, was meant."

The spectators began to grow impatient. "Go on, go on!" they cried; but now I felt that the time was come for me to play my last card.

"You are right, Maxime Ducase," I said. "The play is meant to represent you and Marie Louise—ay, and her lover, too—there he is, with the pig and the gold-sack. It is possible that he may think himself insulted and go home, without there being any betrothal after all! For, we are on our way to your house, and mean to have our second performance there, in honor of your guest."

"Do you hear, Pierre Lennet?" screamed Maxime. "You cannot allow that—you must help me."

"Help yourself, rather," I interrupted. "Give Madelon to Galondet, and Marie Louise can keep her lover—we will not go on any further with our play."

But neither actors nor audience would listen to this, and clamored for the acting to go on. At this moment, however, Galondet stepped from the crowd with his face all aglow, and eyes sparkling. Pressing

to my side, he seized me by the hand, and shouted in a voice which made itself heard above all the din.

"That was spoken like a friend, Jean Baptiste; I thank you for it! And all the rest of you, I hope, will say Amen, if it will help Madelon and me to our happiness."

"Yes, yes," cried our brave companions with one voice, and the by-standers clapped their hands.

"Thank you, all," continued Galondet. "Come here, Jean Baptiste, and you too, Nicolas. For the second time be my witnesses. Maxime Ducase, I ask you to give me your daughter, Madelon, as my wife."

Every one laughed. Such a pair of groomsmen as we made—the one in a woman's petticoats, the other with a devil's horns and tail—had certainly never been seen before. Maxime did not join in the merriment. After a moment, however, a malicious smile wrinkled her yellow face.

"Do you promise, here, before all the neighbors," she asked, "that you will play no more, if I say yes?"

"We promise, we promise," we all cried.

"Well, then, Pierre Galondet," continued Maxime, "I say yes to your wooing—so, there is an end of your play!"

Amid a great clapping of hands Galondet, who had turned white and red in the same minute, said, "Come, let us fetch the ring—we will go to Madelon."

"Not so fast," interposed Maxime, with a sneer. "You must know first whether Madelon will have you."

"No, no!—no tricks—she will make the little one say no," cried the by-standers; but Galondet raised his hand.

"Good!" he cried. "You must ask her; but here, before us all, and we will abide by what she says."

"There she comes; there she is herself!" cried some one, and at the same time a passage opened through the crowd, and Madelon, bewildered and frightened, stood among us.

"Marie Louise sent me," she began, turning toward Maxime; but Galondet seized her hand and drew her to his side.

"Madelon," he said, and his voice trembled, though he spoke loud enough for all to hear, "Madelon, before all our neighbors and friends here, say whether you will marry me. As you say, so is it to be; is that not true, Maxime Ducase?"

"Yes, so I have promised," answered she, drawing her daughter away from Pierre; "that is, they forced me to say so, Madelon; but you are free to act as you will, and if you say no, no one can find fault with you or me. See, all this mummery here is to ridicule us. We are meant by those masks there. That one is your mother; there on the wagon is Marie Louise; and the miserable creature by her side is you. And all this shame and disgrace, which they have tried to put upon us, has been invented by this Galondet, who—"

"That is not true," I broke in; "it is all our work. Galondet had nothing to do with it."

"But he knew of it, and did not prevent you," retorted Maxime. "You see, Madelon, what is his love for you. Our shame is your shame."

"No!" cried Galondet, and his eyes flashed fire. "Let those alone take the punishment for whom it was meant. I will not deny that I knew what my comrades proposed to do. Perhaps I might have stopped them; but my anger would not let me. If that was a crime, Madelon, you will forgive me, if you really love me. Do what your heart tells you."

And he held out his hand to her. In breathless expectation we all looked at the young girl. She trembled, and half turned her head toward her mother. "Madelon!" whispered Galondet; then she laid both her own in his outstretched hand, and, with a cry of joy and triumph, he caught her in his arms.

A shout of "Bravo!" from a hundred voices, echoed his own.

Maxime turned without a word, and dashed through the crowd. Hardly, however, had she turned her back, when, as if at word of command, one and all began to sing together:

"Ab, ma mél, qu'es doan hourouse,
D'aver uō goul com you!
You qué coassi, you qué hell,
You qué troussi la maison."

And not a contra-dance was there afterward, during the carnival, for which that chorus was not sung; and though we had no play, there was more fun and merrymaking than ever was known before. The

story of our masquerade went far and wide, and every one rejoiced at Maxime's defeat, and still more at the happiness which shone from the eyes of Galondet and Madelon.

Maxime and her younger daughter kept aloof from all the festivities of that season, but in the end they had nothing to complain of, for Marie Louise secured her lover, the ham-merchant. He carried away with him, to Orthez, his bride and amiable mother-in-law. Old Ducase was left behind to Madelon's care, so that, after all, she did not have to leave her poor father.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNING'S," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE DOVE.

ABOUT a week after the arrival of the visitors from *The Willows*, an arrival of a very different kind happened at Renton; and yet it could not be called an arrival. There had been no further news, and the Manor was still in the same state of pleasant confusion and preparation—the maids singing and chatting over their work in the west wing, and a roomful of seamstresses working at the new carpets and curtains for "the boys' rooms"—when one morning Mary was mysteriously called out from Mrs. Renton's room, where she was reading the newspaper, her usual morning occupation. "It was a lady who wanted to see her," the maid said; and was stolid, and refused all further particulars. "A lady—any one who has been here lately?" Mary asked, stiffening into sudden offence. It could be nobody but Millicent, she thought, though Millicent had been at the house repeatedly since her first visit, and was already known. "I never saw her before, miss—not at Renton," was the reply; and Mary, annoyed, went to see for herself who the unknown visitor was. She had been set on edge by the events of the last few days. "Wheresoever the carion is, there will the eagles be gathered together," she said to herself, with a kind of spiteful misery. So long as nothing was going to happen in the family, no mysterious visitors, neither men nor women, came near Renton; and now here was the second in a week! Perhaps some other siren to put herself in Ben's way; perhaps somebody who possessed Laurie's secret, whatever that might be. As for Frank, he was a married man, and had his wife to take care of him, and Heaven be praised! could have no secrets—at least none in which Mary could be compelled to interfere.

She went to the drawing-room door discontented, with no comfortable expectation. But, when she had opened it, the most unexpected scene burst upon her eyes. The first thing she saw was a Hindoo ayah, holding in her arms one of those milk-white, blue-veined children whose delicacy of tint contrasts so strangely with the dusky arms that carry them—the kind of child of which one says involuntarily that it is an Indian child. Her first glance was at that pearly, blue-eyed creature, and then she turned round with a start and cry of joy upon a lady who stood by smiling.

"Is it Alice?" she cried. The comfort it was to her, the relief and satisfaction and sense of strength it gave her, would be difficult to describe. Mary was not given to enthusiasm, but she clasped her arms about the new-comer with a warmth which brought tears to her eyes. "I thought it was some one disagreeable, and it is you!" she cried in her delight. She had been looking for an enemy, and here was a natural assistant and ally.

And then ensued a flutter of explanation and welcome, as was natural. It was Alice who had thus come unaccompanied and unexpected, or, rather, it was Mrs. Frank Renton, a young matron of six years' standing, with one wistful, bright-eyed, wondering little girl by her side, and the child on the nurse's knee.

"We came to give mamma a surprise," said Alice; "not to keep her anxious till the last moment, thinking every thing impossible must have happened to us. I know how she watches every day and thinks. And this was such a good opportunity for coming! We came when she had not the least expectation of us, and saved her all that. It was Frank's idea," said the young wife, with a happy smile.

"And where is Frank?"

"Coming next mail. Yes, that is the worst of it; but, as he said, we could not have every thing; and I came with Lady Sinclair, the

governor-general's wife, you know. Think what an honor it is! And she was so kind to us! She has quite taken a fancy to us, which is odd. I don't mean it is odd that they should all be fond of Frank, for everybody is. Don't you think baby is like him? Come and look at baby. I am sure you have not had a good look at him yet. Mamma has done nothing but carry him about in her arms. It is so funny to see my baby in mamma's arms!" cried Alice, with a sudden gush of bright tears; "and, oh, so nice! I love him the more for it. She thinks he is rather pale. Well, perhaps he is a little pale. I suppose Indian babies generally are—and then the journey, you know. Renton is not a bit changed. I stood just now, when you came in, on the very same pattern of the carpet that I stood on when Frank brought me here first; and I was so dreadfully frightened; and then you came and put your arms round my neck—"

"You were such a child!" said Mary; and the two kissed each other once more.

"It was so good of you to put your arms round my neck! Not just a regulation kiss, as Frank says. I put myself on the very same square this time to see what you would do."

"Why, you are a child still!" said Mary, looking at her with that curious mixture of amusement and wonder and respect with which an unmarried woman looks upon the matron who is younger than herself. How many experiences Alice had gone through of which the home-dwelling girl knew nothing! And yet she was a child still!

"So mamma says," said Alice. "But, oh, how nice and fresh and bright you look! Is that how dresses are made now? Am I a dreadful sight in my old things? For money does not go so far in India as one thinks; and what with the children and every thing, I have had to be very economical. Mamma says I am about fifty years behind other people; and they all laugh so at poor baby's things. But he has got on his new pelisse to-day, and I think he looks very nice. Is grandmamma up yet? Do you think she would like the children to go and see her in her room?"

"I must let her know first," said Mary.

But she lingered, and this babble ran on, which was so pleasant; and the children's hats were taken off, and Alice exhibited little Mary's hair, which was pale gold, of the softest, silkiest kind, but would not *creper*, nor stand out, as "the fashion" was, to her despair.

"You would not think she had half so much as she has," the mother said; "it is so soft. Look here, how thick it is; but it will not hang as it ought. Should I take her to Truefitt, or somebody? Frank thinks it is pretty as it is, but then he did not know what was the fashion; and he is silly—he likes *curls*."

"And, by-the-by, where are your *curls*?" said Mary.

Alice laughed, and shook her head with the pretty movement that these same *curls* had made habitual to her.

"I put them up to come out," she said. "Fancy coming out with the children, and without Frank, with those things bobbing about my shoulders, like a baby! I wish you would speak to him about it, Mary. Mamma agrees with me that I ought to put them up when I go out; but he is such an old goose! Don't you think we ought to go to grandmamma? She may think that it is unnatural of us not to go to her at once."

"It will do by-and-by," said Mary. "You know what an invalid she is. How good the children are, Alice! I am sure she will be delighted with them, after all."

"After all?" cried Alice, amazed. "But you must not think they are always good. You should see mamma with them. Mamma looks as if it was natural to her to have a baby in her arms. Wasn't it good of Frank to make up the plan for me to come over and save her all the anxiety? I did not want to come till he was ready myself. It was all his consideration. And then Lady Sinclair wanted me so much to travel with her. Of course, it was more comfortable. And, as I am not a great lady myself, nor anybody particular, it was nice to have Lady Sinclair to take me up, you know, for Frank's sake."

"Why, you are quite a little woman of the world!"

"That is what mamma says; but so would you, if you were asked about your people, and all sorts of questions put to you. I always used to feel so ashamed, when the colonel's wife began to talk to me, that I had not an uncle an earl, or even a baronet. That would have been better than nothing, for Frank's sake. I do think he felt it some-

times, and was angry that his wife was a nobody; but then, when Lady Sinclair took me up," Alice said, with a sparkle in her eyes—"and the governor-general is baby's godfather—that made all the difference. It was quite absurd, the difference it made."

"And I hope you have kept up your music," said Mary, thinking of Mrs. Renton. But to Alice the question had another meaning, and covered her soft face with a sudden blush.

"I am so glad! Lady Sinclair does not care for music," she cried; "not one bit. She does not know Beethoven from Verdi. It was me she liked, and not my playing. Oh, if you knew how impudent they used to be! saying I must have been professional, and such cruel things—not that there would have been any harm in being professional, but only, you know, men have such prejudices, and it made Frank furious. But it was me Lady Sinclair liked, though I dare say you are surprised," Alice added, with a laugh of pleasant girlish vanity. Her heart was thrown wide open by the excitement of the home-coming, all its envelopes of shyness and strangeness having been forgotten for the moment. Except with "mamma," she had never chattered so freely to any one in her life.

"Very much surprised," Mary said, kissing the bright face which had come upon her like a revelation. They had jumped all at once into the tenderest intimacy. Frank's bride had been a timid little stranger, the last time she was at Renton, afraid to speak, carrying herself very gingerly among her unknown relations; but she was flushed by the delight of being among her own people this time, and confident of everybody's regard.

"I think really I ought to go to grandmamma now," she added, after that pleasant laugh. And Mary hastened to her godmother to prepare the way. Mrs. Renton had just finished dressing, and was lying on her sofa, to recover from the exertion, sipping her cup of arrowroot. She was in a pale-gray dress, which she flattered herself was slight mourning, but had some pretty pink ribbons in her cap, to which that description could scarcely be applied. They were not, perhaps, very suitable to her widowhood, but then they were very becoming; and, when the sun is shining brightly, even an invalid lady upon a sofa is apt to feel an inclination toward such innocent vanities.

"My mistress has taken a biscuit with her arrowroot this morning," said the maid, in a tone of exultation. "I always said as a little bit of company was the thing that would do her most good."

Mrs. Renton gave a soft smile in acknowledgment of this commendation. She was aware that it was good of her to eat that biscuit, and a gentle self-approval filled her heart.

"I quite enjoyed it," she said; and Mary had to pause and hear an account of what kind of biscuit it was, and to express her delight at the feast.

"And I have something else to tell you, dear godmamma," she said; "if you are quite sure you will not be upset by the surprise. Some one has just arrived—Alice and the children! She had an opportunity to come by this last mail, with Lady Sinclair, the governor-general's wife, who has taken a great fancy to her. Frank would not let her miss the opportunity. She arrived the day before yesterday, and she is with the children, looking so nice! I am sure you will be delighted to see them. Shall I bring them up here?"

Mary's nervousness betrayed itself in the haste with which she delivered this long explanation, never pausing to take breath. And Mrs. Renton put down her arrowroot and sat upright on the sofa.

"Bring them here—Alice and the children! Good heavens, Mary! are you out of your senses?" said the invalid, "when I have just this moment got out of bed!"

"But she will wait as long as you please," said Mary, anxiously.

"And you know I hate surprises," said Mrs. Renton. "It may be all very well for you robust people who are never ill; but such a thing upsets my nerves altogether; and nothing is ready, you know; and why did Frank not come with her? But it just shows how dreadful it is to have to do with people who are out of society!" cried Mrs. Renton, putting one foot to the ground. "I suppose I must go and see to things myself."

"Missis will make herself quite ill!" cried the maid, in alarm. "Oh, please, ma'am—if you would be so good, ma'am—Dr. Mixton would never forgive me if you went and walked about after you've took your arrowroot."

"Don't worry me, Davison!" cried Mrs. Renton, ready to cry; "as if I had not enough to worry me! Couldn't she write, or keep to her proper time? I don't understand how you can countenance such

a thing, Mary! As for walking about, I can't do it. If all the house goes to sixes and sevens—and there is no place for anybody to sleep in—I can't help it; I cannot do it. I have my duty to my children to think of, and I am not going to kill myself."

At this moment Alice, who had become impatient, knocked at the door. Nobody conceived that such an invasion was possible, and therefore Davison opened the door, cautious, but unsuspecting, while Mrs. Renton put up her foot again, and lay back, the image of exhaustion, on the sofa. Davison gave a little cry of mingled horror and delight, if such a mixture may be. Alice stood in the doorway with a child in each hand. They were all lightly clad in white summer dresses, the young mother and the two children. Little Laurence tottered forward a step or two, holding by his mother's hand, and Mary held back, gazing, with wistful blue eyes, at the strange scene. Mrs. Renton, as long as she was by herself, was an invalid given up to all sorts of indulgences; but, when she was brought face to face with the outside world, she was a lady, and knew how to adopt that gracious *rôle*. Before Mary Westbury could recover from her astonishment and consternation, the mistress of the house held out her hands to her daughter-in-law.

"Ah, Alice, come in," she said; "bring them to me. I am not able, my dear, to go to you."

And in five minutes more, the chatter and the laughter, the tumult of pleasant explanations and questions, and all the talk that belongs to an arrival, was in full course by the side of Mrs. Renton's sofa. As for Alice, it had never occurred to her to be afraid of her mother-in-law. She was afraid of nobody in the present felicitous state of her affairs. She had forgotten altogether how little she had been at Renton, how small her personal knowledge was of the household there. Somehow, through those six years of correspondence, the Manor and the Square had got jumbled together in the mind of Mrs. Frank Renton. Had she come with any doubt of her reception, the chances were that things would not have gone so pleasantly. But she had not the least doubt of her reception. She could not be kept away even so long as was necessary to get grandmamma's reply. She took it for granted that her husband's mother belonged to her almost as much as her own. Who should go and ask admission for Frank's children into the room their father was born in, but she? And this fearlessness vanquished the invalid, who felt all her tremors of anticipation quieted

in a moment. The children did not scream, but only gazed at her in silence, with big, wide-open eyes—and baby was like his father. And Mrs. Renton, though she had been so long accustomed to think of herself first, and watch over her own peace and comfort, was still Frank's mother. After a while old recollections came over her, and she cried a little over Frank's boy.

"I remember when his father was just like him," she began to tell Alice, and ran into a hundred little nursery-stories, which roused her heart within her.

"I might have talked to her for a hundred years before she would have thought of telling them to me," said Mary, with again an unmarried young woman's admiration, and soft, half-envy of the young mother's privileges.

Alice drew a low chair to the side of the sofa, and put the baby—most daring proceeding of all—on the very couch itself, that grandmamma might give her opinion of his little dimpled arms and legs, and say if she did not think he was stout enough, though perhaps not so fat as an English baby ought to be.

"But mamma says she does not care for those very fat babies," Alice said, with eyes intent upon the face of the critic.

"And neither do I," Mrs. Renton said, with solemnity, holding her grandson's little pink foot in her hand.

"If I had done it, poor godmamma would have been quite ill all day," Mary said, afterward, describing the meeting to her mother.

And for an hour or two there was nothing to be heard but that soft feminine talk, all full of bits of private history, and interspersed with every kind of digression, which women love. Alice gave them no

narrative of her six years' absence; but, *à propos* of every thing and nothing, there would come a little chapter out of the heart of it.

"It was that time when I was rather ill—that Frank wrote to you about. He took me up to the hills, and we had to leave little Mary at the station. We went along with the general and his wife, and they were so friendly; and it was he, you remember, who recommended Frank for that appointment he has held ever since. To tell the truth, we had got into debt," said Alice, with a blush; "it was that made me ill as much as any thing. We were determined not to tell you, but struggle out of it as best we could, and you can't think how glad we were of that appointment. I thought you would all think me such a wretched little creature to have brought Frank nothing, and



Mrs. Frank Renton.

yet have let him get into debt. It was there I first saw a lady with a chignon. I could not tell what to make of it at first, and Frank thought it hideous; but then it was too big—it was as big as her head."

"Depend upon it, my dear, it was false hair; they say everybody wears false hair nowadays," said Mrs. Renton, who was still holding in her hand the baby's little dimpled foot.

"But I don't believe that," said Alice. "I like you in the chignon, Mary; it suits you much better than the other fashion; and what a comfort it must be not to have any curls to do when you are sleepy! Grandmamma, dear, I wish you would tell me what to do with little Mary's hair. It is so soft it will not *crêper*, nor any thing. Lady Sinclair's niece's little girl looks to have a perfect bush of hair, and Mary has just as much, but it will not stand out."

"It must be plaited every night before she goes to bed," said Mrs. Renton, "and just damped a little before it is plaited. Have you an English nurse? Of course your *systole* must be sent back. And, Alice, I hope you are quite sure about that debt."

"It was all paid, every penny! Don't be afraid. I could never have come home and looked you in the face if it had not been paid. And I have taken such care ever since! Frank is—too generous, you know. He asks people, and does not think. And then everybody that pleases comes and stays with you. India is such a funny place for that. When we were at Goine Ghurla, the Fentons lived with us for six weeks; they could not get a house to suit them, and we had a larger one than we wanted, and, of course, they came to us as if it were the most natural thing in the world. It is very nice, but 't is rather expensive. Of course, we could have gone to them in return, had we wanted to go, but we never did. How nice it is to see you in your pink ribbons, grandmamma, after that dreadful widow's cap!"

"My dear, I am only in my own room; it is only something Davison made up for me," said Mrs. Renton, confused. "I never wear colors down-stairs. Indeed, my spirits will never be equal to it again."

"But they are so becoming to you," said Alice. And thus the talk ran on. And the children, awed by the novelty of every thing, behaved themselves like little angels, not uttering a cry, nor shedding a tear. When the time of the afternoon drive came, little Mary, inspired by her good genius, made a petition to go in the carriage with grandmamma. And that day the marvellous sight might have been seen of Mrs. Renton, with the *systole* and the baby seated opposite her, and little Mary, in great state, by her side, perambulating the lanes. Mrs. Renton made the coachman stop when they passed the rector's pony-carriage, and explained, "My son Frank's children, just come from India," with such pride as she had scarcely felt since Frank had been the baby. Already these sweet *agent-courriers* of return and restoration had loosened the prison bonds for the invalid in her unconscious selfishness. She forgot all about her medicine, and even her cup of tea, when she went in, and demanded to know instead if her favorite biscuits had been provided for the children. On the whole, it was pleasanter thus taking thought for others than thinking only of herself.

When they were left alone, Mary and Alice went out together to stray about the lawn and down the favorite haunt of the Rentons—the path to the river. And they had a great deal of talk and consultation, confidential and serious, which was comforting to both. "Don't you know in the very least how things are to be?" Alice asked, with a certain wistfulness. "I don't care about money, indeed; but, oh, it would be so nice to stay at home!"

"Nobody knows," said Mary; "not even Mr. Ponsonby, I believe. It makes one very anxious when one thinks of it. If poor, dear uncle's mind was touched, as some people think, he may have made some other stipulation. I don't know—but Renton ought to come to Ben."

"I have heard Frank say often that if the will did not do that, Laurie and he had both agreed to settle it so," said Alice. "Of course they could not take it. But if it is not wrong to say so—and as poor Mr. Renton is dead I don't think it can be wrong—I should like if there was some money for us."

"There must be some money for you," said Mary; and thus speaking they moved down the bank, and, coming to the beech-tree at the corner, which was associated in Mary's mind with so many tangles of the tale, stopped short to contemplate the view. A little to one side from that famous point of vision, a peep could be obtained, through

some branches, of a house close by the water's edge—a little house, with its trees dipping into the stream, lying under the shadow of a high, wooded bank. Mary's mind was full of her special griefs and apprehensions, and she could not keep her eyes from that peaceful little place, which lay full in the afternoon sunshine. "That is The Willows," she said, pointing it out.

"It looks very nice, but what is The Willows?" said Alice. "I never heard Frank speak of it" which was her standard of interest for every thing within her vision.

"I dare say Frank never remembered it," said Mary; "it is not a place of any consequence; at least, it never was before. But two ladies have come to it now. They are a mother and daughter, and they are both widows."

"Poor things! but that does not sound very important still. Are they nice?" said Alice, in her ignorance. And Mary began to regret the suddenness of her confidence.

"The daughter is very beautiful. She was a school-fellow of mine once," said Mary; "and I'm afraid they are not very nice. If I tell you something, will you never, never say a word to any one—not even Frank? Oh, it is nothing wrong. I think Ben met her once, and was fond of her. Beauty goes so far, you know, with men. I think he was very fond of her, and she must have deceived him. And think what it will be to him, poor fellow, if he finds her there when he comes home!"

"But how did she deceive him?" cried Alice. "Oh, tell me! It must be quite a romance."

"I don't care for such romances," said Mary. "He loved her, I am sure, and she went away abroad, and must have married somebody else, for she is a widow I told you; and fancy what he will feel when he finds her here!"

"Well, perhaps he might like it," said Alice. "Men are so queer. They are not the least like us. I know by Frank; when something happens that I think he will be in a dreadful way about, he takes it quite calmly; and then for the least little thing, that nobody in his senses would pay the least attention to, he will blaze up! Is Ben nice? Perhaps he will be quite pleased to find her here, to show her he does not care."

"I don't know if you would think him very nice; but to us, you know," said Mary, turning away her head, "he is Ben: and, of course, there is no more to be said."

"Yes, of course, you are all fond of him," said simple Alice; and they went on, relapsing into other channels of talk. But, though she understood so little the full meaning of what she had heard, Alice was such a relief and comfort to Mary as she had not had for years. Even to have said so much as this relieved her; and to nobody else could she have ventured to say even so much. Not to her own mother, who was too energetic, and might have thought it her duty to come into the field, and break a lance with Mrs. Tracy in defence of her nephew; not to Laurie, who might have been deeper still, and detected certain secrets of Mary's heart which she would not whisper even to herself. But Alice, who was ready to listen, and give her ignorant, shrewd opinion, was a comfort to speak to. Mary was exhilarated and consoled by her walk, as much as her aunt was by the drive, in which the soft pride and sense of property in Frank's babies had warmed her dried-up soul. When the mother and her babies went back to town by the evening train, Mrs. Renton felt herself able to walk almost to the end of the avenue to see them off, a thing she had not been known to do for years; and Mary drove with them to the station, anticipating joyfully the time when "Frank's family" should come back to take possession of the apartments prepared for them. The family ark was settling upon the top of the mount. But a few days more, and the doors would open, and the wanderings be over, and the family fate be known.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DICKENS.

I.

METHINKS the air

Throbs with the tolling of harmonious bells,
Rung by the hands of spirits; everywhere
We feel the presence of a soft despair,
And thrill to voices of divine farewells.

II.

Sweet Fancy lost,
Wandering in darkness now, makes silvery moan;
While Pathos, pale and shadowy, like a ghost,
Sobs upon Humor's breast, that mourns him most,
The wizard-king who leaves them all—alone.

III.

Wan genii throng,
From earth's four quarters hurrying, mount and mart,
Pure woodland peace, the city's din and wrong,
Each lilting, low, a fond funereal song,
Each sadly bowed o'er that grand, silent heart.

IV.

The children's tears
Mingle with manhood's woe, that falls like rain;
Low lieth one who towered above his peers,
And nevermore, through all the fruitful years,
Our eyes shall greet the master's like again.

V.

Creations fine,
His prodigal offspring, crowd so thickly round
That Wit falls foul of Sorrow, Cupids twine
Warm arms with Avarice, and Love's strength divine
Hath vanquished Hate on Hate's own chosen ground.

VI.

Though gone, his art
Triumphant spans the threatening clouds of death;
Its rainbow hues forever pulse and start,
Steeped in the life-blood of the human heart,
And woven on heavens beyond Time's stormy breath.

BERKSHIRE GLORIFIED.

II.



SPRING-TIME, early on our south porch, later in the bloom of the hundreds of fruit-trees which are the glory of our orchards at Springside, on our velvety lawns and green terraces, in the winding walks where the children fill vases every day from the tall shrubberies with flowers, which bring the spring into our house, and about our table; in the still more winding wood-roads, where wild-flowers without number, and in wonderful profusion, line every bank, from the first timid snow-violets, and the trailing arbutus, to the tall columbines and azaleas; spring-time, when the

brook leaps clearest and with sweetest music over the smooth stones, and the lake images most perfectly the delicate green fringe of its border beauty; when every tree and shrub rejoices in freshened life, when the children roll down the terraces, and staid grown-up people laugh at their pranks enviously; when every one says, "Was there ever before so beautiful a June?" and where sunsets and sunrises that would make poets wild, toll the glorious days. Spring-time at Springside is Paradise.

Summer is hardly less. No great heats assail us, no droughts parch our hills; the croquet-lawn never loses its smooth, emerald beauty; the elms at each corner give every year a broader shade; the evergreens which fill its curves and dispute with its south terrace extend their arms and grow constantly denser and greener; the click of the mower's machine at work on our grounds, or some neighboring meadow, merges into the hum of droning insects; the fragrance of the new-mown hay comes on every breeze; the wood-paths enchant with their deepening shade. We go off every afternoon for a drive to some distant point, yet more beautiful than that we explored yesterday, for here we are on the threshold of the finest scenery in these hills, to return and take our tea in the perfumed twilight on the west piazza, finding it even more charming there than we thought it in the dewy freshness of the morning.

It seems wicked to sleep here in the summer-time — whether sunshine or moonlight reveals the beautiful world about us; whether the skies are glorious with stars, or the summer heats find vent in the sprightly, rose-tinted gleams of light which fringe the clouds on every hand; whether white cloudlets sail peacefully through the deep blue empyrean, and dark billows roll up from the mountain-tops, pour out their treasures over the grateful earth, and rolling onward leave rainbows leaping from peak to peak, the sun breaking through on yonder mountain, while on this side the storm still veils the hills.

I used at first to think we had ten times as much weather here as in the cities. I have learned, also, that all weather is beautiful in Berkshire.

You will readily believe my assertion that we are on the threshold of Berkshire's finest scenery, if I begin an enumeration of our most frequent drives. I think a whole summer might be spent driving every fine day to some fresh point of interest, or to a familiar one by a new road.

Four summers here, and horses at command, there cannot be much that I have not explored. "Over the mountain-road to Lebanon," that queen of valleys, is wonderfully beautiful and romantic; to the same valley, "by the Shaker road," is almost equally picturesque, and less steep and rocky. To Lebanon and home, "by way of Stockbridge," is still another road, longer but full of compensating attraction.

Then to Lenox by the usual road, turning at the first hill beyond the "Morewood Estate," for the best view I have ever seen of this whole valley, and Graylock beyond; or, by the road which skirts the South Mountains, and takes you past the "Aspinwall Place," where a vista breaks upon your sight which will make you catch your breath with its singular loveliness; or you can go by the road through "New Lenox," near Washington Mountain, and past the "Oliver Wendell Holmes House," and the summer home of Herman Melville.

In Lenox you will have time to take a dozen turns—up "Goodmen's Hill" to the summer-house is the most beautiful; or on toward Lee, whose white church-steeples are reflected in the lake at its feet; or around by General Rathbone's residence, just erected on the site of Fanny Kemble Butler's old home, on the farm Beecher glorified a few years ago.

Then a five-miles' drive will take you from our house to the top of Constitution Hill. Though you can drive to the very summit if you are sure of your horse, you will grow dizzy as your eye rests on the grand prospect spread before you: billowy hills towering here and there into veritable mountains; green, fertile valleys, reminding one of that which shut in the happy Rasselas; blue lakes; Pontoosuck at your feet, and Onota farther south, or Silver Lake east of the town; great stretches of table-land well-tillied and spanned by shady roads; forests that look as old as Creation, and hills mantled by a fresher growth; the line of rich foliage which marks the course of the streams which unite to form the Housatonic; Lanesboro basking on the hill-side, with its great elms drooping over its old homesteads and quaint road-corners; Stearnsville and Barkerville farther off; the whole extent of the chief town in the valley, its spires gleaming in the light; Lenox, Lee, and Stockbridge, through the opening in the hills; sunny farm-houses, grazing cattle, browsing sheep, brown grain-fields, flying cloud-shadows—and all domed by a brighter than an Italian sky.

If you have a long afternoon before you, come home "round the lakes." But that is enough for a drive by itself. Go out by West Street and drive through the lovely grounds of "Onota," the William Allen estate, through whose groves open vistas take in glimpses of the lake and Western Hills; or, drive over the wood-road,

around the lake-shore, a drive unequalled on any estate that I am familiar with; the rocks alone would keep an artist busy for a month. Leaving Onota, and turning north, visit "Lulu Cascade," and the great poised mass of stone known as "Balance Rock."

Take, in another day, your way first through the dim aisles of Curtiss Wood, on the estate next to Springside, and, passing the Glen House, go out to Dalton; turning off toward Windsor, visit its most picturesque falls, where the water rushes and tumbles in great volume and with great force, and the rocks rise in huge moss-crowned masses, and matchless trees overhang all this beauty. Or you can drive south from the Glen House and go to New Lenox; turn up Washington Mountain, and you will find Roaring Brook; but I tire of this enumeration—though the half has not been told you—and I am sure you do.

A summer in Berkshire is worth a dozen in any other part of our country that I have yet visited, and I have been something of a summer traveller in my day. Tourists passing on the public roads have small idea of the treasures to be unfolded to the summer resident. When Berkshire receives justice from the poets and painters, my pen can rest; but now it turns in my fingers as these memories crowd upon me, and my limited space is remembered.

I told you I had been lying on the couch for weeks watching autumnal beauty and its changes—an almost idle time, since I have occupied myself only with knitting, my latest and most fascinating accomplishment. I have learned to knit, because my eyes warn me that their term of unassisted service is ending, and the charm of the occupation half-reconciles me to its compulsion. That pile of bright children's stockings, of such unbuyable scarlets and grays, have all been knitted in this golden autumn. While my fingers have been flying, I have watched the hills. If I live twenty years longer, and knit for my grandchildren, thanks to the mysterious power of association, I shall be able at any time to close my eyes and see what they look upon now, *Berkshire glorified*.

Are we grateful enough for the beauty of our atmospheres? I have found that, here among the hills, which no painter has ever put into his pictures. I have told you of our purple-tinted hills in the winter, of the delicious blues, and the rosy lights of early morning and evening. Gifford's pictures pale before these autumnal fires, before the realities whose memories will come up when I have to watch my needles through spectacles; and Italian skies, even in poetry, do not equal the daily loveliness which I revel in among the mountains.

Hal, half-dressed, rushed into my room this morning, exclaiming, "Do, do look at the hills! Oh, mamma, is all the world so magnificent?"

"No, Hal, only Berkshire."

"Well, may I live here forever! Heaven cannot be more beautiful."

I stood with my poet-boy looking out as the sun glanced from tip to tip of the hills, slanted down their sides, brought out the green of the quiet old pines, and lighted up the crimson and golden maples, struck here the brown fields and the green pastures, and anon the windows of some distant farm-house, which flashed as if a great fire had been kindled within. The fog was rolling up from Onota, which lies between us and the hills, and it grew luminous and golden as the beams penetrated it. My boy did not speak for some minutes; then, drawing a long breath, he said: "I shall never forget this. It is worth while living to live here."

"Worth while living?" What various lives are lived even here in Berkshire! Through the heart of that golden glory, up the gorge which lies beyond, I once penetrated with my husband to the place where you see the smoke this side of Round Top. We went to the charcoal-burners to get oak-coal for the laboratory, and we rode for miles along the loveliest mountain-road, the trees meeting overhead, and the roaring stream at the foot of the declivity on one side almost drowning our voices. I enjoyed it without stint till a sudden fear struck me that here, in this narrow road on the steep hill-side, we might encounter a coal-wagon.

By-and-by we came to the low cottage of the coal-burner's family, and, while my husband went on to the pits, I talked with Mrs. Roy, the coal-burner's wife. She told me the wagons always went down at night, and came up in the morning; so I lost this fear, but it was "awesome" enough in those solemn woods, and I was not sorry when we emerged into the sunlight again, in the great upland pasture which

you see there. That pasture is full of chestnut-trees, and I have seen sticks and stones thrown up since, and watched for the falling burs while the sunlight lay warm and bright about us. I have lost some of my reverence for that mountain-side and the dim gorge since I grew so familiar with it, but its beauty is not impaired in my eyes.

When the winds blew so loudly a week ago, and the "snow-squalls," those early harbingers of winter, made the hills white, I thought of the little Roys hovering over the stove, in their low, dark room, and wondered if they enjoyed the whirling flakes falling into the chasm below as our children enjoyed seeing them whirl in eddies on the lawn, before they fell into its warm bosom and melted. When our rains are ending, and the clouds lift from Round Top, I always welcome now the smoke from the charcoal-pits, and send off a mental "all hail" to the stout-hearted wife and mother who "does not find it lonely up there with husband and children to work for." Beautiful children they were, in spite of coal-dust, and fine-looking people were Roy and his wife. I saw him in town on fair-day, and saw few country-folks who could compare with him.

I have a human interest now in the dark gorge, and look out for the smoke as it curls up faint and blue in the distance, as I would watch for it from a neighbor's chimney. Mrs. Roy says, "they have never needed to have a doctor come over that mountain-road." So they have health of body there; but how does she feel when she looks down the gorge to the lake, and the town, and the hills beyond? Does her heart glow as mine did, and do the tears ever fill her eyes as she gives thanks for the daily paths lighted up by such beauty? Is life worth living to the charcoal-burner's wife?

During this autumn I have watched the shadows chase each other over the groves; the trees catch their first hues and grow more and more gorgeous as the frosts become heavier. I have been out in a moonlight so superb that I saw the tints on the leaves, and the mosaic they made in the forest-aisles. We drove through the country roads, and the effect was weird enough for dream-land. The flecked vistas, the silent yet shimmering leaves, the ghostly influences, made me glad to get into the common road again, and into moonlight which visited common mortals.

Mrs. Hemans said in one of her letters—I had it years ago, before I mourned my own dead, and remembered it for the poetry of the thought—that she was unhappy in the spring, because then earth awoke and its dead came forth from their graves; tree and plant, garden-spot and hill-side received its own again, but our hearts remained desolate: to them the spring brought nothing back. The autumn, so melancholy to others, was not so to her. The dying of Nature reminded her that, if our dead cannot come back to us, we can go to them. So she was happiest in the autumn.

I used to think of autumn as all the world does, chiefly because Mr. Bryant has said, "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," and I thought the poetess was very much indebted to her imagination for her enjoyment of it. I enjoy it now beyond any season. I like it because it is the most beautiful here in Berkshire—as beautiful as if a magician had poured its gorgeous hues from his laver over the wondering earth, which laughed in its baptism of beauty.

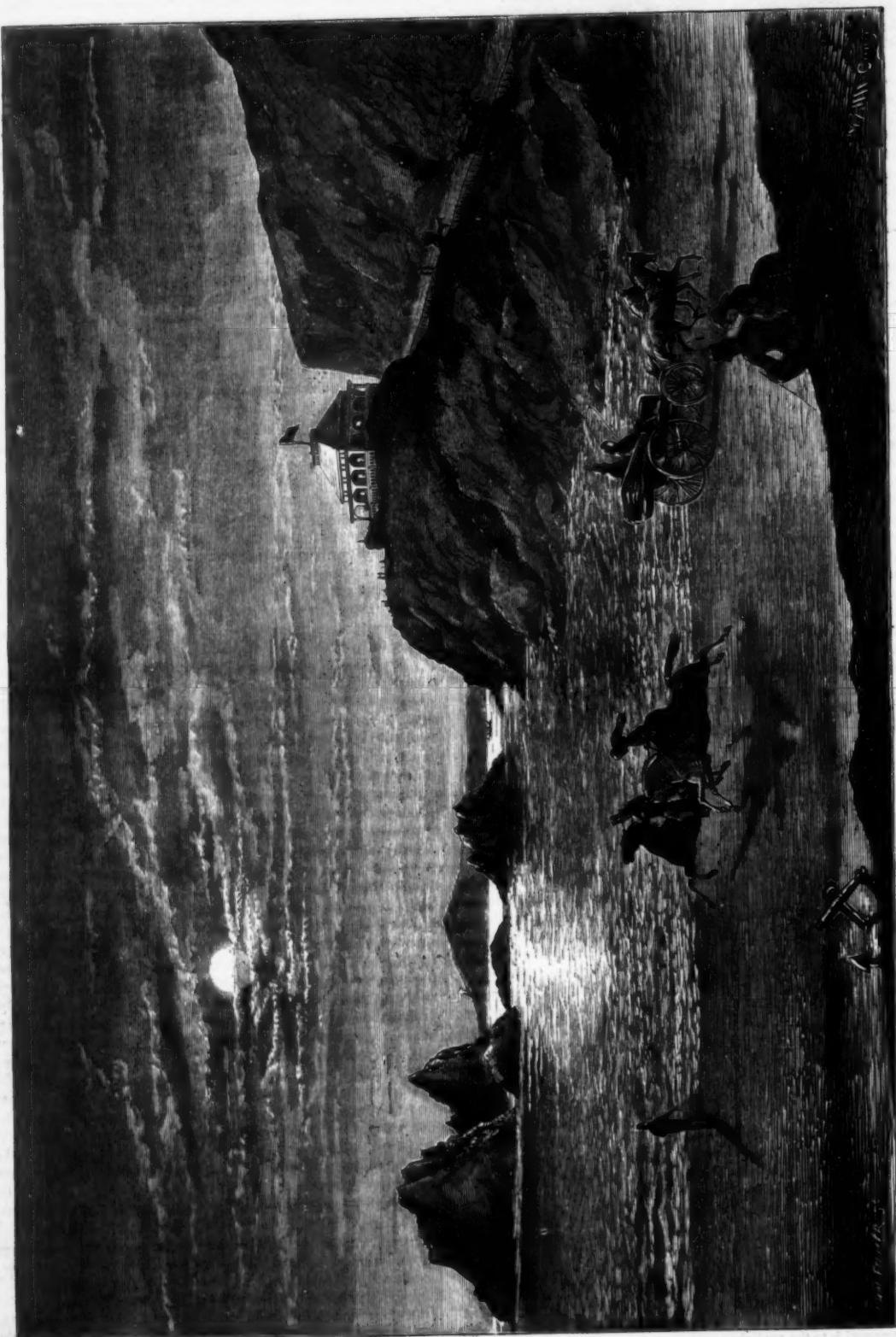
I like it because I like the bravery of the dying year, which wraps itself in splendor, as an old king wraps his magnificent draperies about him, sets his jewelled crown on his pillow, and dies regally.

I like it because I do not like weeds and palls, and the parthenalia and pomp which make up the fictions of woe, and mock sorrowful, weary hearts, bleeding forever through wounds which time cannot heal. I would mark a spirit-summons to heaven as the year marks its close. Only in Christian lands do they shroud with black, and make loud moan, when the mortal puts on immortality, and the spirit goes to God who gave it.

I like autumn, as I like every thing that tells of achievement and conquest. Promise and possibility are fascinating, and so we are bewitched with spring, but *autumn is a satisfaction*. It is an ended career, a promise fulfilled, a conqueror's triumph, a glorifying over the grave.

POINT LOBOS AND THE CLIFF HOUSE.

OUR illustration of Point Lobos and the famous Cliff House, of San Francisco, affords a view of the farthest Western civilized point of our country. The Cliff House is situated six miles from San Francisco



POINT LOBOS, CLIFF HOUSE, AND SEAL ROCKS, SAN FRANCISCO.—MOONLIGHT VIEW.

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standing on a small cliff overhanging the sea, and is reached by a fine macadamized road called the Point Lobos Avenue, which is some two hundred feet wide. This is the favorite drive out of the city, and in suitable weather is crowded with pleasure-parties. Directly in front of the Cliff House, at about three hundred yards' distance, is a group of rocks, which are a great resort for seals, or sea-lions, and the sports of these creatures bring great crowds of admiring spectators to the cliff. These seals are protected by law, no less than by public opinion. No one is allowed to fire at them, or even to discharge fire-arms within their hearing. The seals climb up and about the rocks quite regardless of the large audiences usually assembling to watch their movements. There is one immense fellow, popularly known by the name of "Ben Butler," having obtained this *sobriquet* from the political enemies of the famous Massachusetts statesman, in consequence of his appearing on the rocks with a stick, supposed to resemble a spoon, in his mouth. The view of the entrance to the Golden Gate is very fine at this point; the sea-air is invigorating; the seals are great lions; crowds of pleasure-seekers are daily attracted to the spot; and hence, almost the first place a stranger in San Francisco is invited to visit, is the famous Cliff House.

THE ORIGIN OF WORLDS.

THE continuous black lines in the accompanying diagram represent the form of the planetary orbits from their least to their greatest degree of eccentricity, a few only of the intermediate being shown. The dotted lines represent the forms of the different well-known cometary orbits, and are introduced to show the unbroken gradation which exists in the element of eccentricity between the two classes of orbits, one being but a modification of the other in this respect, while the eccentricity of the entire group is decreasing.

Observation has demonstrated it to be a general law that the nearer the physical appearance of a comet approaches that of planets, the less eccentric will be the form of its orbit, and that comets which display the most brilliant trains, and most startling phenomena, are invariably those pertaining to the most eccentric orbits, and also that the modifications progressively occurring, both in the bodies and in their orbits, are of such a nature as to insure their ultimate recognition as planets of the solar system.

Halley's comet has lost one-third of its entire length of tail since the period of its first discovery. Encke's comet now appears as a slightly-elliptic, nebulous disk; though, when first discovered, it developed a long and brilliant train. The major axis of this comet's orbit is shown to be decreasing, which establishes the fact that the eccentricity of the orbit is steadily diminishing; for, as it is a law that, whatever be the form of any celestial orbit, the sun is always situated in one of the foci of the ellipse, it therefore follows that its distance from the sun at perihelion is increasing, and its aphelion distance decreasing: consequently, the modifications must result in a circular orbit, and, as the physical changes occurring in the body itself must ultimately insure its consolidation, the recognition of that body as a planet of the solar system can be only a question of time. As this comet completes a revolution about the sun in less than four years, and is the only one of short period known to us, it has furnished more information upon the subject than all the other bodies of the solar system.

As all comets must respect general laws, it follows that the phenomena displayed by Encke's comet are but the exponents of the laws to which all are alike subject; therefore, all comets are but planets in process of creation.

It may be urged, in reply to this view, that comets have no solid substance, as stars of very small magnitude have been seen through one of their nuclei; but a very simple experiment will demonstrate this to have been an optical illusion.

As the atmospheric envelope surrounding the nucleus of a comet is a refracting medium, the whole structure comes under the general laws which pertain to lenses; and the size of the nucleus, compared to that of the refracting medium which enveloped it, would be represented by a mere speck upon the centre of a large lens, which would not interfere with its optical qualities to the slightest perceptible extent; and, as the brightness of the star appeared to increase as it passed centrally behind the nucleus, it is evident that the atmospheric

envelope was performing the functions of a more powerful telescope, acting as an auxiliary to that used by the observer.

The gradually-decreasing eccentricity of a comet's orbit must correspondingly decrease the extremes of heat and cold to which the body is exposed, until at length the process must lose the character of periodical violence induced by a close approach to the sun and great aphelion distance; a time must, therefore, arrive in the history of such a body, when its physical condition would be represented by that of our own earth in its primary geological epoch, when only the hot igneous rocks existed upon its surface, and its waters hung suspended as vapors in its atmosphere, under which conditions the external aspects of our planet must have resembled very much that of the comets of the least eccentric orbits, and have been decidedly suggestive of the later days of cometary existence being but the earlier epochs of a world.

The closing scene of a comet's history would be represented by a nucleus of its solids too hot to admit of water accumulating upon its surface; it would, therefore, be shrouded from the sunlight by the vapors of its more volatile elements necessarily suspended in its atmosphere, and awaiting only the hour when the gradually-decreasing temperature would permit of their descent and accumulation into the hot, shallow, and inconstant seas of a primary world. The first gathering of the waters would be in the depressions of the hot plutonic rocks, which, up to this period, could alone have incrusted the nucleus; but the geological phenomena succeeding this epoch would everywhere bear traces of the action of the water; and the order or process of cooling, through which the body would subsequently pass, would be wholly determined by the external conditions of heat to which it was exposed, as well as to its own local temperature.

Now, the process of cooling, through which our world is known to have passed throughout all the period preceding the "glacial epoch," has been considered by geologists from a purely terrestrial standpoint, as if the body had been entirely independent of the sun's influence during the long period of its geological history. Its character as a celestial orb seems to have been entirely ignored, and we have been taught to regard it as a body cooling everywhere alike, and from whose entire surface each separate epoch displaced and succeeded its predecessor at one and the same time. A little reflection will show that this could not have been the case, because the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit must have always resulted in the same distribution of solar heat which still exists upon the planet; therefore, the poles must have been almost wholly dependent upon the local temperature, derived from the interior condition of incandescence of the primary world, for all the heat which supplied its once luxuriant fauna and flora, while at the same time the equatorial regions must have had a *plus*, above and beyond the local temperature of the planet, of all that quantity of heat which is still derived from the sun, and which was of itself alone, then as now, sufficient to produce the present conditions of tropical life; therefore, when the poles were blooming with primeval verdure, the equatorial regions must have possessed at least twice their quantity of heat, presenting at their surface only the barren and seething plutonic crust, too hot as yet for even the waters to gather in its depressions; consequently, the life of our planet must have dawned at the poles, advancing thence toward the equator, parallel to the latitudes, followed in procession by all the succeeding geological epochs in the order of their occurrence, while the advance-guard of the stern silurian epoch, subduing in its front the surging domains of Pluto, prepared the way for the beauty which was to follow.

The researches which have revealed the abundant and tropical character of the fauna and flora which preceded the "glacial epoch" in the high latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere, are sufficient to prove that the phenomena of tropical life upon our planet was not the result of a vertical sun, but a consequence of the elevated local temperature of the surface which existed in those early ages, and which a vertical sun would necessarily have increased to a degree far beyond the endurance of the life which was thus produced, as it would be merely adding to the tropical temperature of a hot-house another volume of tropical heat.

If the amount of solar heat which now produces tropical vegetation at the equator were doubled, it is easy to perceive that every living plant and animal there would instantly perish. It, therefore, follows that, in solving aright this problem of creation, we must accept one of two conditions: either that the elevated temperature of

the primary world, derived from its interior state of incandescence, decreased more rapidly at the equator than at the poles, and in the exact inverse ratio of the present distribution of solar heat upon our globe; or else that the process of cooling became first established at the poles, advancing thence toward the equator, parallel to the latitudes, and that the geological succession of the epochs observed the same order.

Geological enterprise has unerringly traced the evidences of creation through the retrospective history of our world to a period when the igneous rocks were the sole representatives of its surface; and over this globe, suspended in its atmosphere, hung the dense canopy of its watery vapors, awaiting only the further cooling of the crust to descend and fashion its depressions into seas and lakes of every conceivable magnitude, and geological history properly commences with this first gathering of the waters, for then only could begin the sedimentary structures which characterize, to a greater or less extent, all the subsequent rock-formations.

The deposition of the waters from the overloaded atmosphere would commence as soon as the temperature of the surface was reduced below the point of evaporation, and the first faint evidence of its presence would occur in the middle of the long polar night; but, as the return of the sun to the summer solstice would again increase the temperature above the point of evaporation, there would consequently occur an annual alternation of evaporation and condensation, the effect of which would be apparent in the resulting structure of early sedimentary rocks such as the mica schist and slaty structures generally, while their metamorphic and transition modifications would result from the immediate contact with the igneous base upon which they rested. The gradual refrigeration would as gradually extend those conditions farther from the poles, until finally a period would arrive when the heat of that locality would become sufficiently reduced to admit of the introduction of life upon our planet, and the pulseless ages of the silurian epoch would have fairly commenced their long journey over the latitudes as the vanguard of creation, followed in turn by the Devonian rocks, which anon would be succeeded by the carboniferous epoch, itself yielding place to its colitic successor, until finally would arrive the age of mammals, succeeded in turn by a degree of refrigeration which was eventually to blot from the poles the proud epoch of

their tropical glory, and inaugurate conditions which have spread over our planet all the mighty traces of glacial phenomena.

Where the process of gradual refrigeration would finally have introduced the frosts of the glacial epoch at the poles, all the preceding geological formations would be in process of advance toward the equator; but, at the equator, and for some distance north and south of it, there would yet be only the igneous rocks, over which the advancing boundaries of the primal oceans would be gradually winning their way, contending for every hard-won inch with the hot frontier of the plutonic crust, precisely as the waters had done at the poles when they first conquered an abiding-place there.

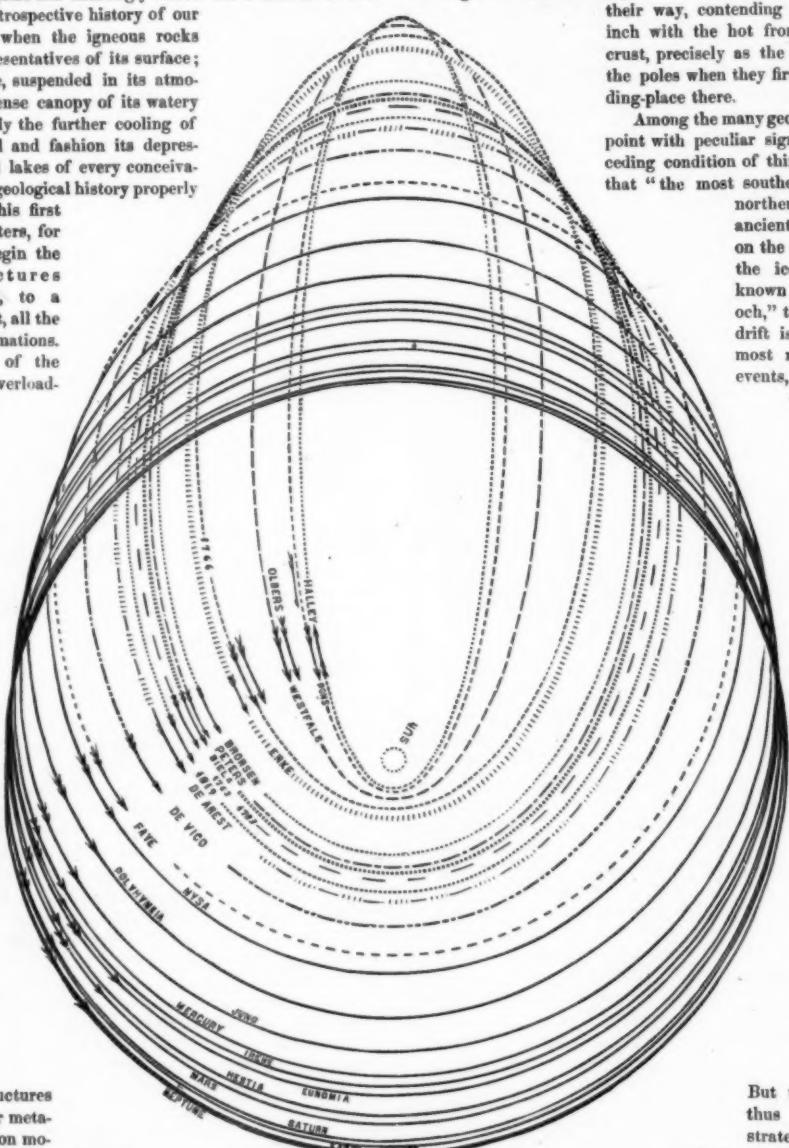
Among the many geological records which point with peculiar significance to the preceding condition of things, we find it stated that "the most southern boundary of the northern drift is the most ancient, because it rests upon the older rocks." Now, the ice period, generally known as the "glacial epoch," to which the northern drift is due, is one of the most recent of geological events, occurring as the

closing scene in the epoch of mammals, which was itself subsequent to the great "carboniferous epoch," and all its tropical luxuriance. At a period still anterior to this, the condition of our earth was too hot for the existence of life, and beyond which still lay the epoch of the "older rocks," as their name implies; therefore it is obvious that, if each geological epoch had been "cosmical," overspreading the surface of the earth everywhere at the same time, that the "northern drift" could nowhere have been deposited upon the "older rocks."

But the fact that it was thus deposited demonstrates that the "older rocks" were still bare in those latitudes when the glacial epoch was al-

ready established in the higher latitudes, and dispatching thence its fleets of ice-rafts laden with the boulder-clay of the northern drift; hence all the geological epochs posterior to the igneous rocks must have been in existence between the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude and the pole at the time when the older rocks formed the earth's surface and the bottom of the sea along "the most southern boundary of the northern drift."

As creation commenced at the poles, dispatching thence its geological structures in the order of their succession, the greater portion of the higher latitudes would be overspread by the geological formations which preceded the introduction of ice upon our globe; hence,



when the ice-period did ultimately become established at the poles, as the successor there of all the preceding formations, its drift would necessarily be deposited over a surface representing the whole geological scale, from the glacial epoch itself to the igneous rocks, still forming the surface at the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude. And, as the northern drift would be deposited from its source to its termination, its most southern limits would have the appearance of being the most ancient, because of its being deposited upon the older rocks, and, the nearer we approached its source, the more recent would be the geological structures upon which the deposit would rest. But such conditions could have no existence in a creative system where each succeeding geological epoch overspread the whole surface of the earth at the same time, and could only exist in an order of succession preceding from the poles; nor is it possible that the portions of a drift most remote from its source could be the most ancient, any more than that the delta at the mouths of rivers could be more ancient than the portions of the deposit nearer to its source.

The researches of Mr. Darwin have shown that the Continent of South America rose horizontally from beneath the waters at a period subsequent to the glacial epoch. But, at the forty-second parallel of latitude, fossil shells begin to appear, whose living representatives are still abundant in the tropical seas, and, as we advance toward the equator, the varieties increase in number, and their fossil traces continue until they connect with their living shells.

As from the forty-second parallel of latitude to the southward no trace of tropical fauna occurs upon the great plateau of South America, it follows that there must have been a period when this zone bounded upon the one hand a tropical ocean, and upon the other an ocean in which the temperature was too low for the existence of tropical fauna.

Now, if each geological "epoch" had overspread the whole surface of the earth at the same time, then the Continent of South America, as it rose horizontally from the waters, would have encountered everywhere upon its surface the same climatic conditions. But the facts declare that, when it had risen sufficiently near to the surface for the introduction of marine fauna, tropical seas were in existence at the forty-second parallel of latitude, and that, from this zone to the southern extremity of that continent, the temperature of the seas averaged little, if any, above what it now is, and that those cool seas subsequently pushed their advance into lower latitudes, until the process of refrigeration was finally arrested by the direct influence of the sun as it now exists.

The great "southern drift," like that of the Northern Hemisphere, has deposited its boulder-clay in much lower latitudes, which it could not have done without first reducing the temperature of the tropical ocean along the margin which it first encountered and in the direction of its ice-drift. The mere fact, however, that the conditions which now exist in the Southern Ocean, along the twenty-third parallel of latitude, did formerly exist at the forty-second, shows that the process of refrigeration proceeded from the forty-second parallel to the twenty-third, therefore from the direction of the pole toward the equator.

As the existence of tropical temperature, at the forty-second parallel of latitude, could not have been due to the influence of a vertical sun, it follows that the amount of heat derived from the interior, added to the quantity derived from the sun, made a total, which was equivalent to tropical heat, and, the distribution of solar heat being the same then as now, the temperature at the forty-second parallel of latitude must have been as much below that of the equator as it is at the present time; consequently the marine fauna, then living at the forty-second parallel of south latitude, would have been destroyed by the intense heat then existing at the equator. The facts, therefore, pertaining to this continent corroborate those of the Northern Hemisphere in declaring that creation commenced at the poles, and that the whole series of geological events were in existence in the higher latitudes long before the equatorial regions were sufficiently cooled to admit of even the meeting of the primal oceans across its fiery girdle.

M. Agassiz, in his Brazilian expedition, ponders over some clay-slate yet in the transmission state between the clay of the original deposit and the rocky structure of the same formation in the higher latitudes.

If the deposition of the clay-slate occurred everywhere upon the earth's surface at the same time, there is no reason why its condition of consolidation would not have been the same at the tropics as in the

higher latitudes; but, if the period of its deposition at the tropics was long subsequent to that of its formation in the higher latitudes, then the conditions in which it was found were only what might have been anticipated, as they merely argue a want of the necessary time required to give the solidity of the true clay-slate.

Again: the fact that all the primary formations of land above the water occur in belts parallel to the latitudes must have been the result of a general law; and, in a process of creation whose advance was parallel to the latitudes, the lines of greatest tension would also be parallel to them, and more especially where the advancing boundary of the primal oceans was in process of cooling the hot frontier of the primary rocks, where the earliest convulsions of the earth's crust would necessarily occur. But, as the facts, everywhere distributed over the earth, bear testimony in the same direction, it is needless to do more than refer the interested reader to any standard work on geology.

That glacial phenomena have prevailed upon our earth to a far greater extent than they now do, cannot be doubted, and, therefore, there must have existed meteorological conditions far more conducive to the production of ice than at present; and if, by the comparison of facts still existing upon our planet, we can discover the causes which are the most favorable to the production of ice, we may reasonably hope to infer what might have been the nature of the meteorological conditions to which the so-called "glacial epoch" was due.

Mr. Darwin has shown, in his observations upon South America, that glaciers come down to the sea twenty-one degrees nearer to the equator upon that continent than they do in the Northern Hemisphere. Now, the cold of the Northern winter is more intense than that of South America in like latitudes, but the climate of the latter, though equable, is damp; and to this cause Darwin ascribes the very remarkable difference in the production of glaciers in the two hemispheres. The reasoning of Lyell and other eminent naturalists corresponds with this view. From which we learn that the formation of ice and all its consequent results is due to the dampness of a climate more than to the intensity of its cold; and it is a well-established geological fact that damp and equable climates prevailed from the earliest periods of creation, beginning very warm, and gradually decreasing in temperature down to the time of the glacial epoch.

The glacial epoch was in the prime of its power at the period when it was depositing the most southern limit of its northern drift upon the still-uncovered older rocks at about the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude; and the igneous rocks alone could have girdled the planet between this latitude and the equator.

As the process of cooling proceeded from the poles, the primary polar oceans must have successively invaded the igneous rocks from the poles to the equator, while along this slowly-retiring boundary, encircling the whole earth, there must have existed, throughout all the long-protracted geological epochs, literally a conflict of fire and water, the result of which must have been a progressive cooling of the rocks with a corresponding evaporation of the water, which latter element would slowly but surely advance its frontier toward the equator, followed by all the geological epochs in the order of their succession. It is needless to argue, and almost to mention, that all this vast evaporation of water would have a permanent atmospheric drift toward the poles, producing everywhere upon its way a damp but equable climate, decreasing in temperature from the warm rains of its lower latitudes to the chill, damp fogs of the polar circles, which are so conducive to the production of ice and glaciers in the mountain altitudes of South America, thus furnishing, at one and the same time, every climatic condition known to have characterized the entire geological history of our planet.

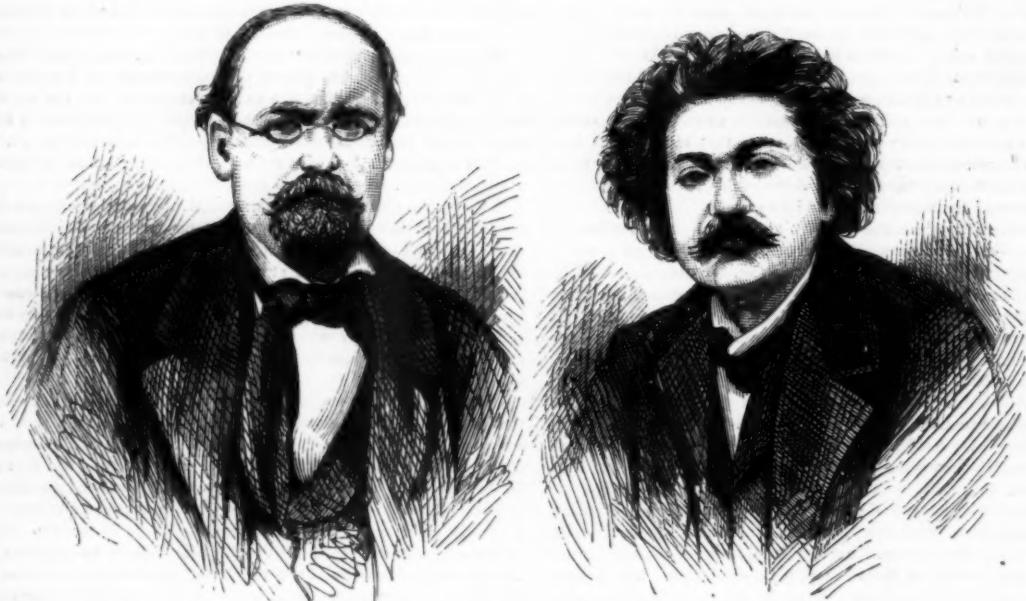
ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN—A LITERARY PARTNERSHIP.

THE custom of association, of combining the labor and capital of individuals for the accomplishment of a common end—in other words, of commercial partnerships—is one of the most usual, the most potent agencies of modern industry. It always strikes us, however, as something singular, when we find this principle transferred from the domain of pure trade to that of letters. Still, literary copartnerships have not, of late years, been unusual. In France, especially, are they

of every-day occurrence; and, skeptical as we may be in general of the expediency or benefit of such combinations in this particular department, we cannot but acknowledge the successful results achieved by the joint efforts of one such firm—that of Erckmann-Chatrian.

Natives of Alsace, originally a German duchy, and where German is still spoken, the authors whose names, thus united, have become

Here the two young men came to know each other, and kindred tastes and inclinations soon made them inseparable. Though educated in different pursuits, and both in mind and temperament wholly unlike, there were many points in religion and philosophy, science, literature, and art, subjects which had for both the deepest interest, at which they met on common ground. There soon grew up between



ERCKMANN—CHATRIAN.

lately so well known, are still essentially French, both in thought and feeling. It is true that they have developed an originality and an independence of the established traditions of French literature peculiar to themselves; nevertheless, they do not cease to be French—only they are the richer by qualities and characteristics which they owe to their native Alsace, with its German associations and origin.

EMILE ERCKMANN, whose name forms the first part of this composite title of authorship, is now forty-seven years of age. He is of pure German-Swabian parentage. His father was a bookseller, and in his youth the son was a scholar in the Pfalzburg Gymnasium. In 1842 he came to Paris to devote himself to the study of law; but the Code Napoléon and Institutes of Justinian were uncongenial tasks, and his progress was slow. It was not until 1857, after many interruptions—a brief episode of military service in 1848, among others—that he succeeded at last in passing his third and final examination. Dearly, however, as this triumph had been bought, it was a vain one; for in the following year he gave up his profession, never, probably, to resume it. He himself frankly confesses that the simplest of legal propositions was ever beyond his powers of comprehension. At last, in despair, and by an effort of application which cost him the whole of his head of hair, he committed to memory the entire Code Napoléon, and by means of the mechanical knowledge thus acquired the dreaded ordeal of the examination was passed in safety.

While Erckmann was thus toiling over his legal studies—part of the time in Paris, part of the time in his native town, whither he would fly for seclusion and inspiration whenever some peculiarly-knotty problem puzzled his brains—ALEXANDRE CHATRIAN, his junior by four years, an Alsatian also, though he traces back his ancestry to Corsica and Italy, had left the same Pfalzburg Gymnasium to follow in Belgium his family-trade of glass-manufacture. In spite, however, of the prospect of future independence and position which opened before him here, the literary life at Pfalzburg possessed attractions not to be resisted. He suddenly threw up his situation, and returned to the gymnasium, which he entered again as *maitre d'études*—that is, with the privilege of attending the lectures in return for the laborious supervision of the *pensionnaires* of the institute in their household duties.

them such a close union in habit of thought, such harmony of feeling, as are rarely possible in two different individuals. Then came the idea of giving expression to their views and fancies in writing. The result was a series of tales, the joint product of the minds and pens of both, marked by such a unity of style and composition that not even in later years, when they had gained success and fame, did readers ever imagine that under the name of Erckmann-Chatrian were included two distinct persons.

The result of their first efforts was discouraging. Their manuscripts were accepted only by provincial papers—nay, often had to be consigned again to the writers' desk. Both the young authors despaired of ever achieving success. Erckmann, with a sigh, returned to the profession which he now regretted ever to have abandoned, and persevered in his distasteful studies at Paris, until at last, in 1857, he gained admission to the bar.

Chatrian found a modest situation in the Eastern Railway Company, likewise at Paris. Neither, however, forsook the society of the other; nor could they entirely give up the literary occupations which had for both such a keen interest and relish. They used to meet at a *café* on the Boulevard Strasbourg; and there, while Erckmann emptied glass after glass of the beer of which but two sufficed for the more abstemious Chatrian, they amused themselves in weaving together story after story, such as in the days when they were together at Pfalzburg had given them so much pleasure. Erckmann supplied the rich, fantastic imagery, Chatrian the clear, caustic logic; and both together discussed and criticised, altered and approved, until at last, when the plot was elaborated in all its details, and the story completed, neither perhaps could have told which part was his and which his comrade's. Then came the writing out of the tale, which yet existed but in the mind of each. Sometimes one would write, sometimes the other; often both would write out the same chapter, with results always wonderfully alike, both in substance and form. Afterward the whole would be carefully revised, when Chatrian, with remorseless pen, would strike out the too-exuberant offshoots of his companion's fertile imagination. In the task thus completed, each felt that he had born his part; neither wished to claim any portion as more particularly his own. The result they were satisfied to leave to stand upon

its merits, and neither to the suggestions of friends nor to the possible taste of the public was a single alteration conceded.

At length, in 1859, the first success was made. "Le Docteur Matheus" was published by the *Revue de Paris*, after, for more than six months, it had been carried about in Chatrian's pocket and offered everywhere in vain. In quick succession followed the "Contes Fantastiques," the "Contes des Bords du Rhin," and the "Contes de la Montagne." The public recognized and were delighted with the clear, faithful portraiture—never descending, however, to mere photographic imitation—the pathos, and humor, and charming freshness, which characterized these tales, and seemed to breathe the pure air of the hills and valleys of Lorraine and Alsace.

Still, in spite of the national spirit which pervaded all these stories, they remained the property almost entirely of the few who gladly welcomed this delightful exchange for the mediocre, insipid productions which commonly filled the pages of the periodicals of the day. Not until 1863 appeared in the *Journal des Débats* their first national romance of more considerable size—"Madame Thérèse, ou le Volontaire de 1792." Now they had found the way to the hearts of the people, the scenes which opened to them the doors of hut and palace. With a master's hand, they painted the great deeds, the stirring events, of that momentous epoch of French history, and then, turning the medal, showed to their readers the reverse side, and attacked with its own weapons the chauvinism which is the degenerate offspring of French patriotism. For the first time, perhaps, was it clearly held up before the people how dearly bought was the glory for which they were so eager. What an effect their teachings have had cannot be more forcibly shown than by the history of the past few years, and the peace-programme laid down for the deputies chosen at the latest elections, of whatever party they might be. The thirteen editions of "Madame Thérèse," the twenty-one editions of "Le Conscrit," and the seventeen editions of "Waterloo," have done more for the cause of peace than all the peace congresses ever held in Europe.

The latest works which the joint pen of the two authors have produced are "L'Histoire d'un Paysan" and "Le Juif Polonais." The former, like its predecessors, is an historical novel of the time of the revolution, and in strong, clear outlines tells the story of one of the people, one of the laborers and peasants who with their blood paid the price of what was won by that struggle.

The "Polish Jew" is a drama—the first and only essay of the friends in this department, but nevertheless a most successful one. The scene is laid in Alsace; the plot is simple, and founded upon one of the popular stories of this the native province of the writers. The *Bürgermeister* of a little village has, when, some twenty years before, he was an humble innkeeper on the verge of bankruptcy, murdered a Polish Jew, who on a cold winter's night puts up at his tavern. The corpse is burned, and all the investigations of the police have failed to discover the murderer. Matthes, become rich by the plunder of his victim, wishes to marry his daughter to a gendarme, in order that he may have an influential defender in case of suspicion. Fortune favors him. His daughter and the gendarme love each other. The wedding is about to take place. Suddenly, the arrival of the son of the murdered man awakens the slumbering conscience of the *Bürgermeister*. Every moment he seems to hear the bells of the sleigh which brought his victim, twenty years before, to his hostelry. His nervous agitation increases from hour to hour. He fears that in his sleep he may reveal his guilty secret, and causes his bed to be laid in a room far from the rest of the household. The night before the wedding has come, Matthes goes to bed and to sleep. A transparent curtain is let down upon the stage, through which is seen the hall of justice, the magistrates, the witnesses, the accused. It is Matthes himself, and the scene represents the dream of the guilty man. The prosecutor reads the indictment; the judge calls upon Matthes to speak the truth. He asserts his innocence; but theupon, notwithstanding his struggles, the Jew's green, fur-trimmed overcoat is forced upon him, and he must speak. His courage is broken; he confesses all, and is condemned to death. This is the great, the telling scene of the play, and its power and thrilling dramatic effect cause all the shortcomings of the rest of the piece to be forgotten. At every representation the tumultuous applause of the spectators seals the success of the drama.

Great as has been the influence exerted by the writings of Erckmann-Chatrian upon their countrymen, and the change of thought and feeling which they have induced or aided in developing, it must not be supposed that the authors themselves have written with this effect in

view. What they have done, they have done as true poets, without any thought of the tendency or possible results of their writings. One aim, however, they have had—to restore the language in which they write to its original strength and purity. They carefully avoid every abstract expression for a material thing, every word which is not strictly of French origin. It is upon their labors to attain this end that they themselves lay most stress, and what they have accomplished and striven to accomplish in this direction they feel has not, as yet, been duly recognized and appreciated.

In appearance, Erckmann shows his German extraction more than his friend. In all practical matters he is as diffident and helpless as any German professor. Society and its obligations are irksome to him. In Paris he never feels at home, and only breathes freely when once more among the hills about Pfalzburg, where he loves to roam for days together, and talk with the simple coal-burners and wood-cutters of the neighborhood. The Bible and the Fables of La Fontaine are his favorite books. During his long wanderings among the mountains, he busies himself with the composition of a great epic upon the French Revolution, of which a thousand verses are already composed, though not one committed to writing. Thanks to the discipline of his legal studies and the hated Code Napoléon, his memory is so retentive that he can recall at will, not only every line, but every alteration made in any of them.

Chatrian, on the other hand, is the business-man of the partnership. He it is who sees that his friend is provided with the proper black coat when invitations which cannot be refused are accepted. He conducts all negotiations with papers and publishers, agrees upon the price to be paid, and corrects the proofs. He reads all criticisms and reviews, and takes care that none but the most favorable meet the eye of the sensitive Erckmann. He himself is proof against praise or blame—philosopher enough to bear the latter with stoicism, too much of skeptic to long for the former.

Both Erckmann and Chatrian still remain single, though neither, and especially the latter, has been without opportunities of making desirable, even brilliant, marriages. They are, however, sufficient unto themselves; each supplies what the other lacks, completes what the other has, and in thought and feeling the two seem to form but one individual. Yet in the vigor of life, and at an age when their productive powers as authors should be at the greatest, it is to be hoped that they will long continue to occupy their present field of usefulness, and that their countrymen, and, indeed, the reading world at large, will yet enjoy many a pleasant and profitable page from their joint pen.

A QUESTA.

MARIE MARGUERITE, the gentle daughter of Dreux d'Aubray—a gentle, and modest too, people thought—was married to Gobelin, Marquis de Brinvilliers, in 1651, the year the *grand monarque*, Louis XIV., declared himself of age. The bride's father was a *lieutenant civil*, and acted as magistrate in civil cases in the absence of the *Président de Paris*. The father of the groom was president of that great court which, before the revolution, existed under the title of *Chambre des Comptes*. They were both of large fortune, and it was a marriage in high life.

In view of the state of the court and country, it is not surprising that this young and beautiful marchioness, soon after her marriage with one man, fell desperately in love with another. No wonder, either, that the marquis did not care to interfere with the flirtation that was going on in his house; for, perchance, he too was charmed by some frail Ninon, and, like the Marquis de Sévigné, was married to one beauty and courting another.

The husband, in this case, was on good terms with the lover, whom he had unsuspectingly admitted to the house; but frail Marie's father looked upon him with different eyes. Gaudin de Sainte-Croix was the lover's name; and, by means of one of the terrible *lettres de cachet* which Louis XIV. found so convenient to use on occasion, Dreux d'Aubray caused him to be shut up in the Bastile. There Gaudin remained a year, and came forth the possessor of a horrid secret. One Exili, an Italian, had taught him how to make the secret poison of Stoffani.

We have now a strange scene. Wife, husband, and lover, labored together to make and use the curious composition that was to take

life from the living, and give gold to the poisoners. Gobelin was extravagant, and needed gold. Dreux d'Aubray had not been a courtier for nothing in the days of a monarch who could spend four hundred million francs on a single palace. In short, he was rich. Gaudin agreed to furnish the insidious, transparent, and then undiscoverable poison; Marie eagerly consented to administer it, and the marquis was to hold his peace and accept the booty. But—

"Will it do its office? Is it surely undiscoverable?" asked the beautiful but atrocious marchioness. How could she answer her own questions better than by making experiments?

In the sweet guise of an angel of mercy, Marie visited the *Hôtel-Dieu*, that ancient hospital on the Ile du Palais, and graciously offered the deadly stuff, in biscuits, to the helpless patients. At home she mixed it in pigeon-pies and in other delicacies, which she gave to her guests. For her maid she prepared delicate slices of ham with which it was incorporated. The drug proved at first not strong enough, and some who took it did not immediately die. Further experiments were made with doses of gradually-increasing strength.

The subject now was the *lieutenant civil* himself. The first attempt upon him had little effect, except to induce a temporary illness, during which the apparently afflicted daughter hung over his couch, receiving all her father's caresses, and overwhelming him the while with marks of deep respect, and with tender tokens of filial love. When relief was obtained, the fiendish daughter repeated the dose and the following acts of affection. Ten times, and for eight long months, this farce was repeated, until success, which had all the time been inevitable, came, and Dreux d'Aubray died, without suspicions, attended to the last by those loving ministrations of his daughter, which would have made death sweet, if it had not included separation from her.

The father gone, the coveted gold was one degree nearer the grasp of the three conspirators. But two of his sons were yet in the way. They had contumaciously refused to get themselves off—they, whom gentle Marie thought nothing in life would become like their leaving it. The fertile brain of Gaudin furnished a means to the desired end, and his faithful valet, La Chaussée, entered the employ of the devoted brothers. As was to have been expected, they soon shuffled off the mortal coil, and Marie was again chief mourner.

Now lover and sweetheart were more firm in each other's affection than husband and wife. Gaudin and Marie were from this point confederate against the marquis. The poison was successfully administered to him, but he was fortunate enough to swallow the antidote upon which the trio appear to have all experimented, and, strangely enough, his life was saved to see all the others die. This was not the first use of the antidote, for the marchioness had once taken the poison herself, to prove her ability to save life placed in jeopardy by mistake.

The plot thickens. The foul sin was gathering head, and would soon break into corruption. Gaudin was the first to find that the way of transgressors is hard, for he suddenly lost his life while secretly engaged in compounding the mysterious poison. His death proved the ruin of Madame de Brinvilliers, for her crime was conclusively proved by her love-letters found in his apartment. She was quick to discover her danger, however, and fled to the Netherlands, where she concealed herself in a convent at Liège.

The remaining acts of the drama followed each other in quick succession. The valet La Chaussée was arrested at the instance of the widow of one of the brothers, and, after a full confession under torture, was put to death. Marie was then decoyed from her place of safety, and put on trial in Paris. It gave the gay court a new sensation.

This arrest occurred in April, 1676, and, from that time until her execution, Marie was a prisoner at the capital. She was tortured. Her frail and beautiful body was made to suffer pain, because the firm spirit it enclosed refused to confess its infamy. Was the thumb-screw used, or the rack, or the *little-ease*, or the scavenger's daughter? We cannot answer, but by some means the will was brought to terms, and the atrocious beauty confessed so much and so heinous wickedness, that the compunctionless despotism of France dared not to reveal the whole. Perhaps, too, there is truth in what Madame de Sévigné wrote, that the perverse creature refused to understand what she was asked, and "confessed" a good deal that she knew would place the authorities in unpleasant positions. It is known, however, that, in addition to what has been just related, Madame de Brinvilliers added that she had poisoned one of her own children, and had committed other crimes.

Her sentence followed. She was ordered to make the *amende honorable*, that is, confess her crime and ask pardon, before the principal door of the cathedral of Notre-Dame, barefooted, and with a rope about her neck. She was then to be publicly decapitated, her body to be burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds. Merciful sentence! In England, a century earlier, under Henry VIII., she would have been boiled to death!

There is a discrepancy among the authorities as to the date of the execution of this sentence, but I venture to say that it was given on Thursday, July 16, 1676, and carried out on the following day.

During her long imprisonment, madame was cheerful enough to ask to be allowed to play piquet, and apparently only desired to while away dull time.

On the last day of her life, Thursday, she was brought before her judges for sentence. Even then she retained her appearance of unconcern, and, noticing several vessels of water in the room, said: "Surely this is to drown me, for you cannot expect that one of my size will drink so much!" After calmly listening to the reading of her sentence, she asked that it might be re-read, saying that a passing cart had attracted her attention, and that she had been unable to collect her thoughts. She had two confessors, one of whom advised her to confess all, the other saying, "Confess nothing." "Now," said she, gayly, "I can do as I please, with a clear conscience!" Perhaps this levity may be accounted for, by supposing that the prisoner had confidence that her life would be spared at last.

The career of Madame de Brinvilliers had extended over ten years of a poisoner's life. Her rank, her crime, her accomplices, her attractive beauty, and her defiant shamelessness, had long furnished subject for gossip in the gay saloons of Paris; and, now that a legal tragedy was to be enacted, the city was moved as it seldom had been moved before.

Friday, July 17th, was devoted to the execution. At six o'clock the prepossessing little criminal, dressed only in her flowing white chemise, with a rope about her neck, and a simple head-dress, was led from prison to the square before Notre-Dame. There she confessed her guilt and asked pardon. Again she was placed in the cart, where she threw herself back upon the straw, and, with her physician on one side, and her executioner on the other, was jolted along to the place prepared.

The cathedral stands upon an island connected with the north bank of the Seine by a number of bridges. One of these is the Pont Notre-Dame, a continuation of the Rue St.-Martin. Over this the sad procession passed. There, among a crowd of curious spectators, was that charming letter-writer to whom allusion has already been made. In her letter, written on that bloody Friday, she gave an account of its horrid scenes, to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, and to us, two hundred years later.

Arrived at the scaffold, the marchioness, in her bare feet, ascended the ladder with a firm step, saying, with a sneer, as she looked upon the large number of fashionable dames about her, "*Voilà un beau spectacle à voir!*"

For a quarter of an hour her neck was hacked and trimmed by a bungling executioner, and her body was thrown into a huge fire. Finally her ashes were scattered to the winds—"in order," as Madame de Sévigné wrote, "that we may breathe it, and be astonished to find ourselves poisoned." At the last, the husband, having returned to his first love, continued to beg for mercy for his faithless wife. The confessor expressed confidence in the repentance of the marchioness, and her very bones had to be collected from the cinders on Saturday, because the populace were inclined to consider her a saint.

In the crowd of curious gazers at the spectacle was the celebrated artist, Le Brun, he who painted pictures for the grand monarch by the square yard, which now occupy places on the walls of the Louvre and of Versailles. Le Brun made a portrait of the marchioness, that her beauty and her frightful memory might not die with her.

Poison now became more popular than ever; and, in 1679, Louis XIV. reopened a court for the special needs of this class of criminals. It was called *La Chambre Ardente*, because all its decrees were executed by the tortures of flame.

The backward state of all the natural sciences, but especially of chemistry, rendered the career of these offenders safer than they would be at this time. The world has not discovered the exact composition of the agent they used. It is called *Aqua Tofana*, *Little Water*, or simply *Aquella*. It was a colorless liquid, and, in Italy, was sold

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The dock

May, 1869,

in small, flat phials. His Infallible Holiness, Pope Innocent VII., proclaimed that it was *aqua-fortis* distilled into arsenic, and others, probably equally infallible, have considered it simply a solution of crystallized arsenic. Science was at fault, and the question will hardly attract enough attention to insure its ever being settled.

The stuff, whatever its nature or composition, was fully administered in Italy at, and previous to, this period. For half a century a woman named Toffana prepared it there in large quantities for others, and did not hesitate to administer it herself if required. Six drops was a fatal dose, but sometimes four caused death, which always came by degrees, and unsuspected. Toffana confessed to having been accessory to six hundred deaths, most of which were of husbands poisoned by wives who had become tired of them. Many of those implicated were publicly executed, and more were strangled in private. All Italy was in a ferment then, just as all Paris, and consequently all France, was excited by the developments of the case of the beautiful Marchioness de Brinvilliers.

Such was one phase of life in the golden age of France, in the brilliant court of Louis Quatorze.

THE GREAT ELM OF BOSTON COMMON.

THE Great Elm of Boston Common, which forms the subject of our cartoon in this number of the JOURNAL, is one of the most famous trees in the country. It stands near the centre of the Common, which is a beautiful park of fifty acres in the very heart of the city. The tree is surrounded by an iron fence, on which is the following inscription :

"THE OLD ELM."

"This tree has been standing here for an unknown period. It is believed to have existed before the settlement of Boston, being full-grown in 1722. Exhibited marks of old age in 1792, and was nearly destroyed by a storm in 1832. Protected by an iron fence in 1854.

"J. V. C. SMITH, mayor."

In 1825 the Great Elm was sixty-five feet high, the circumference at thirty inches from the ground being twenty-one feet eight inches, and the spread of branches eighty-six feet. In 1855 it was measured, and found to be seventy-two and a half feet in height; height of first branch from the ground, twenty-two and a half feet; girth four feet from the ground, seventeen feet; average diameter of greatest spread of branches, one hundred and one feet. This shows that the elm, fifteen years ago, was still vigorous, and that during the last quarter of a century it had made considerable growth.

During the Revolutionary period, after the passage of the Stamp Act by Parliament, the Great Elm was much used by the patriots for hanging and burning the effigies of obnoxious persons, and was often, in consequence, exposed to danger of destruction. Severe tempests have several times assailed it with great violence. In 1811 or 1832 a storm separated four of its large limbs, and so far detached them that they rested partially upon the ground. They were raised, and bolted together; the bolts are still visible, and the branches appear to be perfectly united. In 1859 a large branch was blown off; and in subsequent storms, we believe, still greater damage has been inflicted. Still, the old tree stands, the pride and ornament of the Common, and the last relic of the days of the aborigines. All other traces of the forest primeval that clothed the hills of Shawmut when the Puritans settled there, have vanished entirely. This noble elm alone remains a memorial of the savages and the settlers.

BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK.

WE give herewith the view of one of the most remarkable engineering constructions of our day—the floating dock of Bermuda. A dock capable of receiving large vessels-of-war had long been felt to be a great want in Bermuda. The porous nature of the rock hindered the construction of a stone basin in the usual way. It was at length determined by Colonel Clark, director of works of the English navy, to construct at home an iron dock, to be floated, when complete, to its destination.

The dock was commenced in August, 1866, and was finished in May, 1869, at a cost of about a quarter of a million sterling.

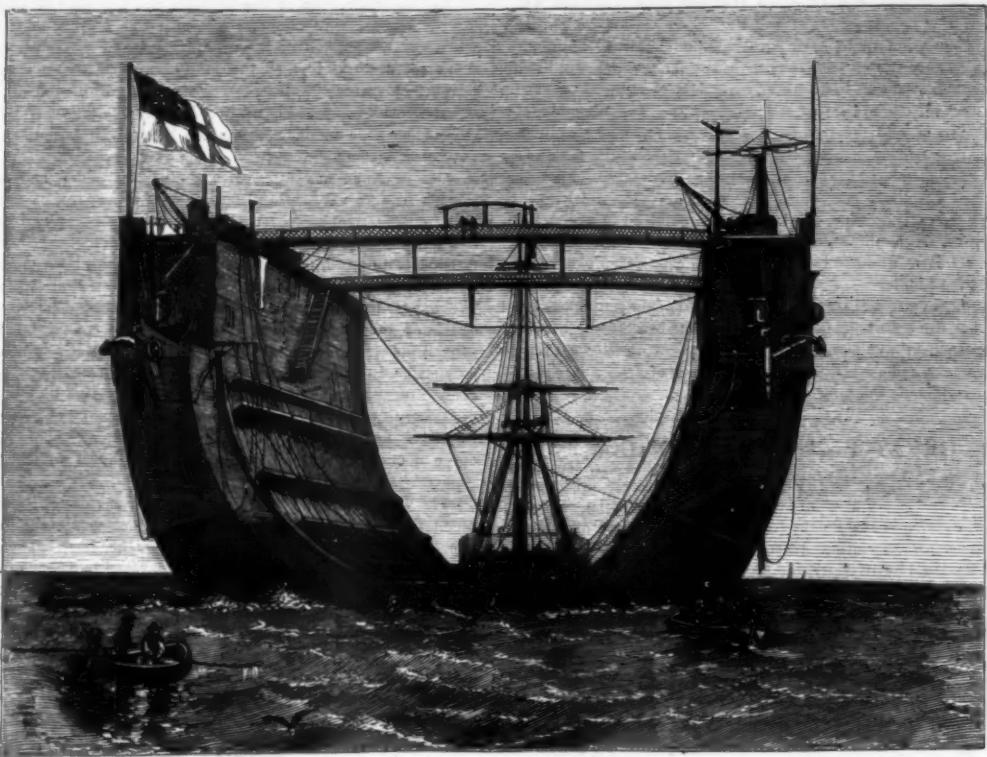
As the construction of the Bermuda was a wonder of engineering and mechanical skill, so her conveyance was a triumph of nautical achievement. Though open at both ends, and the sides towering above the water as high as the tops of a frigate, and drawing only eleven feet, two inches, the passage was made with complete success, and the dock is now safely moored in Bermuda. A narrative of the voyage has been published, from the London *Times* notice of which we borrow as a summary.

The Bermuda was fitted with a gigantic rudder, and two light wooden bridges were thrown across her for purposes of navigation; light-houses, semaphores for signalling to her consorts by day, and flashing lanterns for night-work, were supplied to her; she was also provided with steam whistles and guns in case of fog, and at each corner was fixed a lightning-conductor. Her crew consisted of eighty-two hands, under a staff commander and other officers, and were quartered in several of the upper water-tight compartments, which were fitted as cabins. As these had no ports, their ventilation was only such as the hatchways afforded, and in hot weather the "tween decks" of the dock were almost unbearable. Her high sides were decked with wood, and afforded fair walking-room, but by descending fifty-three feet of ladders her floor could be reached, and its clear space of one hundred and ten yards in length was a famous exercise ground.

The Bermuda was sent to sea without her caissons, which weigh about four hundred tons, and are used to close up each end of the dock after a vessel has been received upon her floor. These, having been made and fitted in England, were conveyed in pieces to Bermuda, and there riveted together by a body of workmen sent out for that purpose by the contractor. Even without them the dock weighed eight thousand two hundred tons; and, although when the wind was fair a sort of sail or curtain was set between her sides, neither this nor her ponderous rudder was found to be of much assistance. She had to trust entirely, both for towing and steering, to the engines of the men-of-war appointed to convey her to her destination. The vessels selected carried, perhaps, the most powerful machinery afloat, and, by the skilful application of competent strength, the Bermuda was moved through the water at an average speed of about five knots an hour. On the 23d of June last she slipped her moorings in the Medway, and, being taken in tow by six tugs, proceeded to the rendezvous at the Nore, where the iron-clads Northumberland and Agincourt were in waiting to pick her up. The Terrible, whose paddle-wheels have done good service for the last twenty-five years, steamed astern and in tow of the dock, for the double purpose of steering and of acting as a check upon her should she prove unruly. The work of attaching the dock to the Northumberland was quickly accomplished. She was brought under the iron-clad's stern; the immense hawsers, six hundred and twenty feet in length, and twenty-six inches in circumference, were at once passed between the vessels, and the squadron started down Channel. These hawsers were secured to the riding-bits in the cut-water deck, with which the dock had been fitted, and which formed part of the original design for rendering her navigable. This deck projected twenty-four feet, and was sloped away on the under side so as to offer the least possible resistance to her progress; the after-end of the dock was rounded off in a similar manner.

The squadron made its way slowly down Channel, the Agincourt and Northumberland, harnessed tandem fashion, in front of the Bermuda, and the Terrible partly steaming and partly towing astern to keep the huge mass from yawing. The Buzzard and Medusa, soon afterward relieved by the Helicon and Lapwing, took up their positions on either side, acting as a sort of police to warn off any vessels that might approach dangerously near to this strange ocean procession. Such an extraordinary vessel, if we may call her so, had never ventured on the dangers of the deep; the decks of her high sides were at about the elevation of the mizzen-top of the Agincourt, and outside the house, which served as the captain's cabin, was a regular flower garden, in which sweet peas, mignonette, and other common flowers flourished, giving to the place, as the writer of the journal observes, more the appearance of an Australian shanty in the bush than of anything appertaining to shipboard.

The Hydrographer to the Admiralty had laid down a track which was carefully adhered to by the squadron; it was based, as was the date of sailing, on the most careful consideration of probable wind and weather, and the result showed how soundly statistical knowledge of this sort may be applied. During the whole of her voyage, which



BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK.

lasted thirty-six days, nothing but the finest weather was met with; all circumstances, with good management, contributed to a prosperous conclusion, and the Bermuda was towed into Grassy Bay, off Ireland Island, on Thursday, the 29th of July, and rode at anchor opposite the camber in which her life is to be passed. Since leaving the Medway there had been no accident to life or limb, although the clearing of the tackle, etc., often involved very dangerous service. The vessels towing her had been managed with a skill and delicacy only appreciable by those who know how much may depend in the crisis of an undertaking of this sort upon a few spokes of the wheel or turns of the screw. The careful selection and special qualifications of the officers are evident from the fact that, in passing through the "Narrows" of Bermuda, the dock was committed to the charge of two gunboats stationed at the island, which were so badly handled that perhaps the whole undertaking would have been frustrated by some catastrophe, had not officers from the Warrior been sent to take command of them, after which they worked perfectly. The last few miles were the most anxious of the whole voyage, and the currents of the "Narrows," the tortuous and shallow channel, involved great risk; the iron-clads drew too much water to be used here, and the Bermuda evinced at one time a disposition to start on her own account for Halifax, taking the Terrible, which was doing her best to persuade the dock to face the "Narrows," in tow. However, after such a day's expenditure of tackle as has rarely been equalled in naval annals, the monster was coaxed into submission, and passed into the harbor all safe.

THE MAN IN THE BRAZEN MASK.

HE died but a few days ago. His name was Chalcas Athenus. We took it for a Portuguese name; but in this we might have been mistaken. I am not familiar with Portuguese. His signature was always heavier than the text of his letters; and he wrote it with a flourish under it, as if he were proud of the name. He had worn the mask ever since I first saw him; and he was never known to take it off. He died with it on; and, in fact, he was buried in it.

I owed my first acquaintance with him to a casual introduction

which a common friend gave us one morning as we were waiting at the post-office for the mail to be distributed. I observed a peculiar yellowish and metallic appearance about his face, and mentioned it to my friend as we walked away with our letters.

"Ah!" he answered, "then you did notice it?" After a pause, he added: "That man, my dear fellow, wears a brass mask—wears it continually."

I expressed very decided doubt as to the truth of the statement.

"It is a fact," said my friend, solemnly, "I do assure you. It is so nicely fitted to his face that you must look very close to detect the line of jointure. And it is so ingeniously constructed with springs and hinges that it does not give him the least trouble in eating or talking. It is a great improvement on poor Matthioli's."

"But why does he wear it?" said I, still incredulous. "Are his features so hideous that he dares not show them?"

"On the contrary, they are surpassingly beautiful. I suppose we have few models, even in the loftiest conceptions of art, that can at all compare with them."

"Have you ever seen his face?"

"No; I never saw it myself."

"Do you know any one who has?"

My friend hesitated for some time, and finally replied that he could not just then call to mind any one who had actually seen it, but he was very sure it was the general belief that the face behind the mask was wondrously beautiful; and some one must have seen it, or how could such an impression have become so wide-spread?

I found afterward that this belief was indeed a very general one; but I never came across a person who had any reason for entertaining it, except that it was the general belief.

One Sabbath I strayed away from my own church, and entered one at the other end of the town. The usher seated me directly behind a gentleman with yellow hair, whom I soon discovered to be the man in the brazen mask. I guessed the whole plot of the sermon from the first paragraph, and gave the remaining time to a critical examination of the mysterious masquerader. I had every opportunity for close inspection; but I failed to discover the faintest trace of any line of cleavage between the mask and the flesh. I concluded that the

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false covering extended far enough around for its edges to be hidden under his hair. A stout old lady, who had forgotten her fan, opened a window near by; and a gust blew aside his back hair. There was the same brassy appearance as in front; and, by some ingenious device, the fine hair of the neck had been made to grow apparently out of the mask. I could not affirm that I saw any crack or seam, hook, hinge, hasp, key-hole, or any thing of the kind. When he joined in the hymn, it sounded as if his throat and lungs were of the same material as his mask.

I began to be interested in this singular person, and to make inquiries concerning him. No one seemed to know exactly what his business was. One answered that he "believed he was an agent of some sort," and another thought he "lived on his money;" but most confessed total ignorance, and spoke as if they had never thought of the subject before. He was always well dressed, and appeared to have the *entrée* of what is commonly known as good society. But everywhere he wore his mask; and on every occasion it seemed to cause at first a slight sensation of surprise or dislike, and then to be accepted as a matter well understood, and not to be discussed.

One scene, in which the Man in the Brazen Mask was the principal actor, comes back to me most vividly, after the lapse of many years. And it is my knowledge of it which seems to point me out as the one who should write his story. I had gone fishing alone, one beautiful June day—not that I expected to catch much, or was at any time a skilful fisherman; but it offered a good excuse for dozing away a summer day on the beautiful sheet of water which we called "the bay." I anchored my little boat in a shady cove, close under a shelving ledge which was curtained by a dense mass of foliage. I got few bites, and would as lief not have had any; for it was more pleasant looking into the still water and thinking of Diantha than ruffling it to pull out some poor little writhing fish.

In the midst of my dreaming I heard a rustling of the foliage on the ledge just over me; and then I remembered that a high-toned picnic had been appointed for that day, on the grounds which here bordered the bay. Presently I heard voices, and immediately recognized one as the same that had joined in the hymn with the metallic ring, like a pipe of the organ. The other was a woman's voice, and it had a strange sound, as of words we seem to have heard before, uttered by the same person under exactly the same circumstances. It seems now as if I must have been really asleep and dreaming; for it was several minutes before I could define to myself—what I should have known on the instant—that the voice was Diantha's.

I knew from the rustle of leaves that they had seated themselves on a second ledge, which made a convenient seat, with the first as a floor. Perhaps a minute discrimination of proprieties would have led me either to move away or to make my presence known. But I did not move a muscle. Lolling idly in my boat on the placid water, I overheard all they said. The conversation, on his side, took a short and rapid flight from general topics to personal matters, and finally culminated in a proposal of marriage. Diantha—alas, my Diantha! I had dreamed her; mine no more, even in dreams—to my consternation, accepted him. I rolled over as I heard it, and nearly upset the boat. It made so much noise that I feared they must have been alarmed. It seemed they were not, however; and I lay still as before. It was not long ere she said, in a playful tone:

"Now, Kalk, take off the mask, and let me see your real features. Come, that's a good boy."

The Man in the Brazen Mask was silent.

She repeated the request earnestly; and I knew by the noise of the leaves that she made a faint attempt at pulling it off.

"Diantha," said he, slowly, "I have no mask. You see me as I am."

The girl laughed merrily, and made another attempt to remove the mask.

Meanwhile I had softly climbed the bank, and was looking in upon them from a leafy covert.

"My dear Diantha," said he, as he warded off her hands from his face, "I tell you the solemn truth—I wear no mask."

Diantha looked at him in amazement. His face, or mask, was much paler than usual, but still had the brassy glow. She seemed as if about to faint, but quickly recovered.

"Then," said she, "I cannot wear your ring;" and she drew it from her finger, and handed it to him.

He received it on his bent forefinger, and, with a snap of his thumb, cast it over his shoulder into the water.

"Let us go," said she, rising.

"Diantha," said he, "promise me that you will not repeat what I have just said to you."

"I promise!"

And they went.

The Man in the Brazen Mask—for as such he was known, whether his declaration to the contrary was true or false—did not seem to take his tender discomfiture greatly to heart. He was prospered in nearly every thing he undertook, and got on in the world rapidly. He once ran for Congress, and lacked but five votes of an election. I heard one of his adherents declare that he would have been elected if he had put aside the mask.

"But what could you expect," he added, sorrowfully, "with all that metal staring in the face of every voter who approached the polls?"

He seemed to be a favorite in society, though the opinion was always expressed, *sotto voce*, that it was time for him to exhibit the beauty of his genuine features.

As I said in the beginning, Mr. Athenus died a short time ago. I attended the funeral. There was a large retinue of mourners, and all the appointments were in first-class style. The clergyman who conducted the services spoke warmly and feelingly of the talents and virtues of him who had passed away. Two or three times he alluded to the fact that "he was not what he appeared," and "under an eccentric and sometimes apparently hard exterior, glowed, for those who knew him best, a genial countenance and a sunny heart." A reporter was present, and he went away and wrote a long sketch of "The late Chalcas Athenus, Esq., in the course of which he said: "Though to many he seemed cold and harsh, and at times unjust, we are assured that, to those who enjoyed his intimacy, he was a refined, clear-headed, warm-hearted, and companionable man, and a true gentleman." I heard one good lady at the funeral whisper to another her wonder that they "had not taken off the mask before laying of him out." I passed around with the rest to "view the remains," as the polite sexton expressed it. There was the same metallic lustre and the same yellow hue; but I wondered how it was that the mask had partaken of the wrinkles and hollowness which the last illness had brought upon his face.

GLEANINGS.

ORATORY.—A late eminent statesman made it his daily practice, during the whole of a long life, to commit to memory some striking passage of an ancient or modern author, and to this habit his friends attributed much of the liveliness of his fancy, and the richness of diction which characterized his eloquence.—*London Quarterly* (1863).

THE VIRGIN MARY.—In the Catacombs, the subject of the Nativity, which occurs on two sarcophagi, evidently belongs to the last decline of the period of classic Christian art. With these two exceptions, no trace of a representation of the Virgin can be found in the mural or sculptural art of the Catacombs.—*Ib.*

MOZART.—The silly report about a mysterious stranger, who was said to have engaged Mozart to compose his glorious swan-song, resolves itself into the plain, prose statement that Count Wolfga, whose wife had lately died, sent his bailiff to order a mass in her honor.—*Edinburgh Review*.

WILLS.

"I give and devise," old Euclid said—
(And sighed), "my land and tenements to Ned."—
"Your money, sir?"—"My money! What, all?
Why, if I must" (then wept), "I give it Paul."—
"The manor, sir?"—"The manor! Hold!" he cried,
"Not that—I cannot part with that!"—and died.—*Pope*.

These words were actually uttered by Sir William Bateman in *articulo mortis*.

BROUGHAM.—Mr. (afterward Lord) Brougham once, after travelling all night, proceeded to address the electors of Leeds before he had performed his customary ablutions. At the conclusion of a diatribe against corruption he lifted up his hands and exclaimed: "These hands are clean." As they happened to be very dirty, the gesture did not add much force to his asseveration of innocence.

FANATICISM.—The man who succeeds is generally the narrow-minded man—the man of one idea, who works at nothing but that, sacrificing every thing to that; the fanatic, in short. By fanatics, whether military, commercial, or religious, and not by "liberal-minded men" at all, has the world's work been done in all ages.—*Curlyle*.

TABLE-TALK.

THE question is sometimes raised as to the future reputation of Dickens. "Will he be read a hundred years hence?" is often asked, and answered in accordance with the measure of appreciation of the speaker. It is sometimes a doubt with us whether Dickens, now so widely read, so keenly loved—for no other word describes the sentiments which his kindly pages awaken—is not doomed in time to pass almost entirely out of popular literature. The reasons that lead us to suppose this probable are as follows: Of all the great English authors Mr. Dickens is probably the least read by foreign nations. The peculiarities of his style, of his characters, of his genius even, are such as to exclude him from the appreciation of the average foreigner. It is almost impossible, for instance, for a Frenchman to succeed in understanding him; he cannot get *en rapport* with his humor; his whole Gallic intellectual make-up is out of tone, out of relationship to the peculiar charms of the great "Boz." Now, this fact shows that Dickens, admirable as his genius was, is not for all men; we may hence naturally argue from this that he will not be for all time. Each successive age has its own characteristics, its own local coloring, as it were, its own distinctive tastes and perceptions, its own peculiar artistic methods. Literary ideas will greatly change in the future, as we know them to have greatly changed in the past; a few writers retain their intellectual hold on the popular intelligence through all changes, but the great majority lose their keeping with the current sympathies—become, in short, old-fashioned. It is not impossible, therefore, that Dickens, who has failed to obtain a commanding influence over the foreign mind, may come to lose the preëminence his works now enjoy, when time shall have gradually separated and made foreign our age from the ages that are to follow it. But, among Dickens's works, there is one series that will probably far outlive the rest of his compositions. We refer to his Christmas books. These brief tales epitomize all the author's great characteristics—his delicious humor, his unapproachable pathos, his rare fancy, his eccentric conceits. The busiest reader can find the brief time required to peruse these compends of Dickens's genius, and thus rapidly obtain a full taste of the author's quality; and, as future generations are likely, just as this is, to be absorbed in the productions of their own time, that author has the best chance for immortality, other things being equal, who sends down to them a compact and crystallized literature. Thackeray's brief tales do not adequately represent him, and the voluminousness of his other works will in time bar him from many readers. But Dickens fortunately has, in "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "The Chimes," given us the very essence of his admirable genius, and these short tales will, in all likelihood, be read when the humor of "Pickwick" shall come to be considered too farcical, the story of "Nicholas Nickleby" too romantic, and others of his writings too voluminous. This is rather a speculation than a prediction;

the people of 1970 may have the good taste to prove our apprehensions entirely wrong.

— It must often puzzle thinking minds to discover who it is that make up that great body known as the "mass of people." Did any one ever meet with anybody who acknowledged that he belonged to this class, or who did not religiously isolate his own opinions, convictions, and tastes, as matters quite distinct from those of the great "mass"? Who are the "mass"? Where are the different parts that compose this formidable body? The "formidable body" is present to all men's imaginations; but the items that make up the body are never acknowledged. We all concede the aggregate, but cannot discover the segregate. Talk with whom one may, he will be sure to hear of "popular ignorance," "popular prejudices," about the "thoughtless many," about "popular degeneration;" everybody, in fact, will seem to consider the populace as something quite distinct from himself. The whole public, indeed, are busy reprobating the public. Some such confusion exists as if in a court-room every one present was vehemently asserting that he was the judge and every one else the criminal. To each particular man's imagination, nearly all the rest of the world is only a vast mob, with horrible instincts and dangerous proclivities; he thanks Heaven he is not a sinner like the rest; he blessed his own superior virtue, that in the midst of corruption he is pure, and that in the very contagion of folly he remains wise. This singular aspect of things, in which we see men so sanctified, to their own imaginations, above their fellows, may be interpreted either for or against human nature. It may seem a corrupt egotism, deserving our scorn and censure; or it may appear to a more generous judgment only a harmless vanity, in which men, while enamored of their own conscious integrity, fall, because of this integrity, to judge leniently of their neighbors. And the effort every man evinces to escape from a rude classification with a mob shows how much, after all, there is of individual judgment and individual conviction in the world. A man might listen to an accusation of some personal error with equanimity; but he would be almost sure to resent a censure by which he was charged with imitating somebody else's iniquity. The "great mass" is an imaginary integration of the complex social phases of life. In reality, the populace is not one; it is many; it has many sides, many phases; it has repulsions and attractions; within its very heart, while there are ceaseless integrations on some points, there are continual disintegrations on others; and hence every man rejects for himself a broad generalization that sweeps his individuality into an indistinguishable sea of humanity.

— The quiet simplicity of the funeral of Dickens has attracted attention, and led some of our contemporaries to institute a comparison favorable to ourselves between the lugubrious formalities of an ordinary English funeral and the unostentatious methods of an American one. No doubt, the English funeral, with its solemn mutes, its hired mourners, and other forms and shows of grief, is often ridiculous enough; but how

often does the American funeral outrage every principle of taste and every law of propriety! A funeral need not be elaborate; but it assuredly should be solemn. It may be marked by rigid simplicity; but it ought not to disregard all considerations of fitness, order, and decency. The best of our funerals are exceedingly offensive to good taste, even when hearses and carriages and trappings are suitable, in the sort of drivers that are allowed to officiate in the *cortege*. To see a funeral-procession, with every carriage driven by a lounging, vulgar, inappropriately-dressed barbarian, is shocking to one's sense of fitness. And yet, how often is this seen! Simplicity in funeral ceremonies is, no doubt, highly desirable; but simplicity ought not to mean a crude and tasteless disregard of suitable forms. But many of our funerals are far from being simple; they have often an abundance of ostentation, manifested with preposterous taste. A gorgeous hearse, with plate-glass sides, with endless ornamentation, with dark and towering plumes, with elaborately-draped horses, but all presided over by a couple of half-drunk Irishmen in their shirt-sleeves, is a sight visible almost any day in our streets, and one which may well excite the derision of gods and men. If this is the sort of American funeral—but perhaps it should be classified as Irish—that our contemporaries think preferable to the English, we cannot quite agree with them.

— In our "Miscellany" of this week the reader will find an account of a visit by a gentleman of Washington to Mr. Dickens, at Gad's Hill, a few years ago, in which the rather liberal use of liquors is noticeable. Mr. Beecher, in his few public remarks on the death of Dickens, lamented that the great novelist had so often given sanction in his novels to the indulgence of drink, but excused it on the ground of the difference of ideas on this subject between Americans and Englishmen. If Mr. Dickens's hospitality in this direction seems culpable to that rigid New-England morality which never offers a temptation to a guest, the absence of similar refreshments in American gatherings strikes the foreigner as something very chilling. Mr. McCarthy, in the June *Galaxy*, complains of the cheerlessness of our social entertainments in this particular. There is certainly a singular contrast between an evening in an American parlor, in which, however abundant may be the "flow of soul," there is rarely the inspiring presence of generous wine, and the ceaseless flow of variously-concocted punches at Gad's Hill, that so delighted the carnal mind of the American guest. Might not American hosts find a proper medium between Mr. Dickens's indulgent latitude and our customary rigid abstemiousness? We confess to sufficient laxity in this matter to believe so.

— Toalmouche, a contemporary French painter, is distinguished for his skill in the representation of modern ladies and gentlemen—an art far, of course, from any quality of nobleness, but one which our own painters rarely exhibit. One can scarcely fail from deriving some amusement from the genteel comedy of "The First Visit," given on our first page. "Toalmouche," says one of his critics,

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"has the art of dressing his personages well; he excels in tailoring and millinery." But, surely, he has a better art than this—that of the delineation of character. The embarrassed young gentleman, in our illustration, is well conceived and happily hit off; it is as good a bit of character-sketching as one of Leech's. And the young woman is no mere lay-figure. Her amusement at the *mauvaise honte* of her visitor is scarcely concealed; she will riddle him through and through with her wit, and he will remain unconscious of her satire. And, after the little comedy is over, the spirited minx will, no doubt, delight many a circle of friends with apt rehearsals of the awkward "First Visit."

Art, Music, and the Drama.

A LATE number of a foreign magazine has an able criticism on Richard Wagner, his theories and tendencies, from which we take the following extract: "Wagner's chief theory is this—that there is an intellectual side, as it were, to music. We, the vulgar, are accustomed to think that music must be all sweet airs, fine and inspiring, rapturous, stately, or declamatory; that, in short, it should represent some passion or tone of humor. But just as in literature there is the romance, story-book, or poem, and the dry work on philosophy by a Locke, Reid, or Sir William Hamilton, so Wagner holds that music has a wider and newer sphere, and can represent the purely abstract modes of thought; in other words, that, when a composer's mind is filled with such philosophical speculations, they, too, can find expression in his language. The world is behindhand, and has to be educated in this new language, which, indeed, does sound unintelligible enough; and to this theory we owe those dry wastes of raw sounds, and rude, dry, shapeless declamation, which Wagner thinks express the intellectual modes of the human mind. There may be something behind this theory, as it would be rash, in our age, to say there is nothing behind any theory; for music, greatly as it has advanced, is still, like the vast wastes of some continent, yet unworked, and not opened up. We, poor mortals, cannot say what discoveries genius will make, to what purposes these raw sounds may yet be turned."

Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in his Place" has been dramatized by the author at the Adelphi Theatre, London, under the title of "Free Labor." The *Athenaeum* speaks of it as follows: "The disputes between labor and capital, which form the most vexed question of the political hour, are discussed in this piece as freely as though the stage were the hustings, while the statements and charges most apt to inflame political animosity to the height are bandied about as though they were the most harmless of matters. Mr. Reade himself, it must be owned, preserves what, we suppose, he would call an armed neutrality. He enters as a peace-maker into the fray, knocking down each of the combatants, and repeating with the utmost impartiality the process as soon as either of them attempts to get on his legs. That no outburst of political feeling attended the first night's production of 'Free Labor,' was perhaps due to the care which seemed to have been exercised in the admission of the audience. The play, however, seems like a grenade in the hands of one ig-

norant of its nature. It may be put down in safety; but the risk of an explosion and its probable consequences are unpleasant things for the by-stander to contemplate. Mr. Reade's method and purpose are so thoroughly his own, and, we will add, so good in their way, and Mr. Reade himself is so much in earnest, that the task of censure is unpleasant, and in some respects useless. It is not easy, however, to find any thing but fault with his new drama. We should have thought it difficult, from novel so dramatic and exciting as 'Put Yourself in his Place,' to extract a play so uninteresting as 'Free Labor.' To begin with, it is too long by almost one half. The scenes are welded together clumsily, and the *dénouement* is brought about in a manner strangely commonplace and stagey for a writer of invention. Almost half an hour of the spectator's time is consumed in seeing Mr. Neville at work beating, on a real anvil, a piece of iron drawn out of a real forge. That a scene of this kind interests a British audience, that the sight of the red-hot sparks flying freely over the stage causes something like transports in the gallery, may justify to the dramaturge, but not to the artist, the employment of such a device. The result of Mr. Reade's labor has been the production of a commonplace and cumbrous melodrama, with one or two fairly effective situations. For the melodrama we were prepared; the commonplace Mr. Reade should have spared us."

A new painting by George Boughton has just been received at Mr. Avery's gallery, in this city. The subject is drawn from Washington Irving, and represents Ichabod Crane paying court to Kate van Tassel. Kate, accompanied by half a dozen of her youthful companions, is strolling by the river-side, and has been joined by Ichabod. The domine, his awkward limbs clothed in a suit of homespun, and his grim features wreathed into a ghastly smile, is walking close by the side of his fair mistress, who, in her gay dress, and with her fair, sweet face, offers a striking contrast to her uncouth lover. The domine is plucking with his large, brown hand a bouquet from his button-hole, to present to his fair companion; and this action is watched with curious interest by Kate's companions, and with evident displeasure by a few young men, somewhat in the background, gathered under a group of trees. The execution of this picture is admirable, notable both for simplicity and strength. It will probably be engraved.

The comical sides of the questionable characters who flutter upon the surface of Parisian society, concealing under a semblance of gaiety the hopelessness of their misery, are admirably portrayed, and held up to public scorn and ridicule, in the following clever new comedies, which are at present being played with much success in Paris, viz.: "Every Thing or Nothing; or, Get out of my Way," in three acts, by the veteran Paul de Kock; "Two Old Darlings," by Eugène Grangé and V. Bernard, in one act; and "Fernandette; or, The Winner of the Rose seen Face to Face," a parody of great drollery upon "Fernande," said to have been composed in 1830 by the late Firmin Diderot, son of the great Diderot, and only now played for the first time.

Paris is amused with the following anecdote: Wagner says to the king, "Here's a pretty mess!" "What's the matter, maestro?" "Matter! why, all Europe is awaiting my new work, and I can't have a *chef d'orchestre*." Says the king, "That is serious, indeed." "So serious, sire, that I think you should dismiss your prime minister, if he can't

find a leader." "But is not that a strong measure? Can't you find in France or Germany some one who will satisfy you?" "No, your majesty; you, who so well appreciate my divine music, are alone fit to conduct the orchestra which plays it." "Agreed," said his majesty; "the baton is worth a sceptre." Characteristic, it is said to be, if not absolutely true.

The music of Rubinstein's new symphony, "L'Océan," is spoken of as dramatic rather than symphonic. The means employed are neither extravagant nor too realistic, and the composer, happily, is content to represent only a small tempest. The orchestra is treated in a masterly manner, the scoring in some respects resembling Weber's. In point of style, the work, like most of Rubinstein's compositions, lacks unity. Of the six movements of this colossal work, only three were favorably received. Rubinstein himself directed its performance in Paris, leading without a score.

A "Dictionnaire musico-humoristique" has just appeared in Paris. Here are some of its definitions:

Accompanist—the singer's crutch.

Arpeggio—a chord served in small dishes.

Chef d'orchestre—one who beats the time, or is beaten by it.

Counter-point—an old contrivance for working up commonplace ideas—the "music of the future" of the past.

Shout—a loud noise, produced by an overstraining of the voice, for which great singers are well paid and small children well punished.

A new dramatic author has appeared in London, who bids fair to rival Mr. Robertson. He has produced on the stage of the Vaudeville a comedy entitled "Two Roses," which the *Daily News* describes as "a comedy of the Robertson school, containing the same light incidents, pleasant love-makings, little misunderstandings created by a word and made right by a word, happy sketches of affectionate and graceful women, and well-studied contrasts of character, which, together with a crisp, sharp dialogue, have made the reputation of 'Caste' and 'Ours.'" The name of this new aspirant is Mr. J. Albery.

There will shortly be an examination at the London Academy of Music for six scholarships, at the value of fifteen guineas each (open to any musical student desiring to make the art a profession), for singing, piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, entitling the successful candidates to one year's free musical instruction.

The popular songs of Italy have lately taken an important place in Italian literature. An excellent collection of the "Canti Popolari Toscani" appeared not long ago, and an interesting work on the songs of Sicily is just published.

"Rita," a new opera by a young *maestro*, Tamara, has been represented in Turin with moderate success. The composer introduces the spoken dialogue in place of the time-honored recitative—an innovation that seems to have met with but little favor.

An individual who withdraws his name has placed at the disposal of the French minister of fine arts twenty-four thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be bestowed upon the composer of the best opera or comic opera, for which there will be a yearly competition.

An opera of Cimarosa's, "Giannina e Bernadone," has recently been revived in Flor-

ence with notable success. An introduction and two *Scenes*, among other pieces, were remarked for their great beauty and power.

Fifty-three manuscripts were received by the jury of the Paris Conservatoire, appointed to select the cantata which is to carry off the *Prize de Rome*. The prize has been awarded to MS. No. 45, "Le Jugement de Dieu," by M. Dutheil.

"Lohengrin" has been brought out at Copenhagen with so much success that the manager is emboldened to attempt "Tannhäuser." Wagner will at least have a worldwide notoriety, if nothing else.

The young contralto Minnie Hauck is fulfilling a two-months' engagement in Vienna. The critics are unanimous in praising her brilliant execution and her intelligent and natural acting.

The new Grand Opera of Paris will not be completed before the year 1872. The money spent in its construction already exceeds six million dollars.

A project for the union of all the Italian lyric theatres in Europe is at present being entertained.

M. Félix de Marie, the distinguished pianist, recently died, aged fifty years.

Scientific Notes.

A REMARKABLE mirage was observed at the port of Ostend on the 20th of May. The coast-line was clearly defined westward far beyond the usual range of vision of the naked eye. The downs, buildings, and quays of the port of Nieuport were clearly distinguished, and at a farther distance the city of Dunkerque and its principal monuments. Beyond Dunkerque a long line of white downs became visible, the sinuosities of which could be easily traced. This line, however, did not appear to be a continuation of the coast, but looked like a gigantic barrier thrown across the channel between France and England. This marvellous spectacle was witnessed by thousands of persons assembled along the shore. The sun shone with great brilliancy the whole time it lasted, the weather being calm, with a slight breeze blowing from the northeast. About five o'clock, between Lombardzyde and Nieuport, masses of clouds rose above the summit of the downs in the form of a tall black column, or tower, resembling, in some measure, the opaque smoke produced by fire, which gradually broke up and rolled westward in dark masses. About six o'clock, vessels at a distance were seen reflected in the heavens, and later in the evening those in the port of Ostend were reflected in the same manner; the whole heavens having the appearance of being transformed into a gigantic mirror.

The race of sheep found in the Island of Malta, known as the Maltese breed, is distinguished by certain marked peculiarities, from all the ovine races throughout Europe. They are chiefly valued for their fruitfulness, and milk-giving qualities; good ewes frequently dropping three lambs at a birth, and yielding daily no less than from five to six pints of milk. Although their bones are small and slender, they grow to a large size, and, when fattened, weigh more than the average of other races. The wool they yield is so insignificant in quantity that the value of their fleeces is never taken into consideration by the farmer. This race was lately introduced into Algeria, where

it is increasing with remarkable rapidity. Some naturalists are of opinion that these sheep are the descendants of the ancient Chilian breed, introduced by the Spaniards into the Island of Malta, after the discovery of South America; others, however, with some show of reason, affirm that they are the descendants of a cross between a ram and a she-goat.

Quails traverse more than one hundred and fifty miles in a night; an assertion proved from the fact, that the crops of these birds, on reaching the southern shores of France, are found to contain the seeds of African plants which they had eaten the day previously. Martins and swallows easily accomplish from nine to twelve hundred miles in twenty-four hours. Wild ducks, at a single flight, are known to travel over the incredible space of fifteen hundred miles. M. Sabin Berthelot, during a voyage from Cadiz to Madeira, when the ship was one hundred miles from her destination, observed a linnet perch itself in the rigging; after reposing a few minutes and picking up the crumbs thrown to it by the sailors, it darted off in a straight line to the Island of Madeira, which it would doubtless reach in a single flight. The tiny linnet, at that distance, could discern no more than the sailors the land it was in quest of; but the instinct that so wonderfully guided it, revealed underneath the clouds massed on the horizon, a hospitable shore and convenient shelter.

The new explosive substance named dynamite, invented by M. Nobel, has almost superseded the use of gunpowder in the blasting operations carried on throughout the North-German Confederation, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, and Great Britain. In Prussia, there are no fewer than four manufacturers of dynamite, viz., two at Cologne, one near Hamburg, and one at Charlottenburg. It is obtained by imbibing a very porous species of silica with nitro-glycerine, and possesses a blasting power eight times stronger than that of ordinary powder, while its cost is considerably less. Dynamite may be wetted, without its efficacy being in the slightest degree impaired; a quality that renders it invaluable for operations, under water, upon submerged rocks. The smoke and odor emitted by it in the blasting processes of subterranean mines are much less hurtful and offensive than those of common powder.

The excavations recently commenced in Certosa near Bologna, have resulted in the discovery of two sepulchres and five ossuaries. In the first sepulchre were found a cup, a small black pot, and a large elegant vase with cover, wholly intact, measuring sixteen inches in height. Upon one side of the vase, painted in black upon a red ground, is old Silenus, mounted upon a well-proportioned mare, attended by satyrs; and upon the other a four-horsed chariot and two figures. The second sepulchre contained, besides bones, a goblet, a cup, two small plates with the figure of a broken egg on each, and a large vase similar to that found in the first sepulchre. Upon one side of this vase three figures are represented, and upon the other a four-horsed chariot. Near the cup were found two bronze "simpula," and a utensil used in sacrificing.

Pulverized tannin sprinkled inside boots or shoes, once in three days, prevents tender feet from perspiring and blistering. Tannin thus applied rapidly strengthens and hardens the skin, softened by the simultaneous action of moisture and heat; perspiration being thus reduced to the proper degree, without its healthy action being in the slightest interfered

with, the exhalations as a matter of course cease to be offensive. The cessation of disagreeable odors is explained by the fact that the products of the ammoniacal decomposition of the skin are immediately combined with the tannin, and so carried off.

Doctor Decaisne, of Paris, has studied the effects of the sewing-machine on six hundred and sixty-one operators, and concludes that the resulting pains in the back and limbs complained of by those who use sewing-machines do not differ from those in the case of any severe muscular exertion. Doctor Decaisne cannot find that diseases of the stomach, or hysterical affections, or any other kind of trouble of which the machine is accused, are any more frequent among operators upon them than among other workwomen. He prefers those worked with a single pedal, and thinks that with them there is not the slightest danger, except what may be common to all cases of overwork.

Doctor F. G. Bergmann, in his "Résumé d'Etudes d'Ontologie Générale," has projected, from his own consciousness, the beings from which the human race developed itself. Their name is "Anthropiskes," and they lived in Central Africa. They developed out of apes; and a certain number of them, finding themselves in favorable circumstances, developed into men—black men, and became the parents of the families whence the brown, copper, yellow, and white races branched off. Doctor Bergmann has some equally original ideas on language. He complains that his works have not yet been appreciated, or even discussed, but he looks to the science of the future to do him justice.

Mr. Wallace says that there is not in Europe a single white animal or bird, except a few Arctic species, to whom the color of snow is a protection. A white rabbit would be more likely to be seen by hawks than a dark one. A white wild-cat would have less chance than any other to secure his prey. And yet in domestication the white color appears so frequently as to show that it is no more unnatural than any other. Mr. Wallace sees in this a proof of the doctrine of "Natural Selections," of which he and Darwin are independent supporters.

In the case of most birds the male has a much more gaudy plumage than the female. The reason is that the latter sits on the nest, and is much more exposed to the attacks of hawks, etc. She, therefore, stands in special need of concealment. Sometimes, however, it is the male that sits on the nest. In these cases he is quite plain, and the female has bright colors. When both sexes are conspicuously colored—like the king-fishers, parrots, woodpeckers, and some others—the nest is either in a dark hole or protected by a dome.

Numerous cases have occurred in which persons struck by lightning have been said to show on the body a picture of a tree near which they were. Experiments with the monster induction coil of the London Polytechnic seem to prove that the supposed arborescent mark is the definition, so as to be seen, on the surface of the branching veins of the body. It is possible, as has been often asserted in cases of death by lightning, that metallic substances may be melted, and leave their traces on the body in the shape of a film of gold or silver.

Professor Angelo Secchi, whose researches on the atmosphere of the sun are well known in the scientific world, has recently turned his attention to the constitution of Uranus and

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Neptune, and has made some remarkable discoveries with reference to the atmosphere of the latter.

The most northerly berry-bearing plant is the ordinary cranberry, which ripens in Bushman Island, on the west shore of Greenland, in latitude seventy-six degrees north.

Miscellany.

Dickens at Home.

MR. FRANKLIN PHILP, a Washington bookseller, who was well acquainted with Dickens, published the following extract from a diary which he kept while in England last year, and which gives some details of the home-life of the great author:

"July 25, 1869.—Went to Charing Cross Station at 10.40, met Dickens there (by appointment), accompanied Mr. Dickens, his daughter, sister-in-law, Miss Stone (sister of Marcus Stone, the artist), J. M. Kent, editor of *The Sun*, to Higham, by rail—gentlemen walked up to Gad's Hill—ladies sent on in a carriage. On arrival (half-past twelve), commenced with 'cider cup,' which had previously been ordered to be ready for us—delicious cooling drink—cider, soda-water, sherry, brandy, lemon-peel, sugar, and ice, flavored with an herb called burrage, all judiciously mixed. Lunch at one o'clock, completed by a *liqueur* which Dickens said was 'peculiar to the house.' From two to half-past five we were engaged in a large, open meadow at the back of the house, in the healthful and *intellectual* employment of playing 'Aunt Sally' and rolling balls on the grass; at half-past three, interval for 'cool brandy-and-water'; at half-past six o'clock we dined—young Charles Dickens, and a still younger Charles Dickens (making three generations), having arrived in the mean time—dinner faultless, wines irreproachable; nine to ten, billiards; ten to eleven, music in the drawing-room; eleven, 'hot and rebellious liquors,' delightfully compounded into punches; twelve, to bed.

"The house is a charming old mansion, a little modernized; the lawn exquisitely beautiful, and illuminated by thousands of scarlet geraniums; the estate is covered with magnificent old trees, and several 'cedars of Lebanon' I have never seen equalled. In the midst of a small plantation, across the road opposite the house, approached by a tunnel from the lawn under the turnpike-road, is a French *château*, sent to Dickens as a present in ninety-eight packing-cases! Here Mr. Dickens does most of his writing, where he can be perfectly quiet and not disturbed by anybody. I need scarcely say that the house is crowded with fine pictures, original sketches for his books, choice engravings, etc.; in fact, one might be amused for a month in looking over the objects of interest, which are numerous and beautiful. There are magnificent specimens of Newfoundland dogs on the grounds, such animals as Landseer would love to paint. One of them, Bumble, seems to be the favorite with Dickens. They are all named after characters in Dickens's works. Dickens, at home, seems to be perpetually jolly, and enters into the interests of games with all the ardor of a boy. Physically (as well as mentally) he is immensely strong, having quite regained his wonted health and strength. He is an immense walker, and never seems to be fatigued. He breakfasts at eight o'clock; immediately after answers all the letters received that morning, writes until one o'clock, lunches, walks twelve miles (every day), dines at six, and passes the evening on-

taining his numerous friends. He told me, when a boy, his father frequently took him for a walk in the vicinity of Gad's Hill, and he always had a desire to become, some day, the owner of the house in which he now resides."

Michigan a Magnet.

The discovery of several wells of magnetic or magnetized water in Michigan, has given rise to a novel theory, which is thus propounded by one of its advocates: "The fact that electric wells, or wells whose waters have magnetic properties, do exist, is now generally conceded. That the discovery of these peculiar wells is confined to the central portion of this State is also well known, and the probability that they will always be limited to Michigan, is to the mind of every scientific man a fixed fact. Let a person, to whom this idea has ever occurred, take the pains to glance at a map of this State, and he will be astonished at the resemblance which the outlines of the lower peninsula has to an ordinary magnet. The great lakes which surround it, do, in fact, form an enormous horseshoe magnet, with a proportionate current of electricity constantly circulating through those vast bodies of water, and from the different poles of the magnet across the southern and central portions of the State—completely saturating, as it were, the earth, air, and water, with this powerful agent.

"Science teaches us that, whenever two bodies of matter assume certain positions to each other, a current of electricity is immediately formed, and the intensity of that current (other things being equal) will be in proportion to the size of the bodies brought in contact. Now, with Lake Michigan on the west, Lakes Huron and St. Clair, and the straits on the east, united at the apex by a narrow strait, we have all the necessary qualifications to form a huge galvanic battery, and the conclusion is inevitable.

"Again, electricity always seeks the best conductors, and, in its passage across the State, the water, being a better conductor than either earth or air, is more highly charged. But the surface-water, having its electricity constantly drawn off by surrounding objects, is enfeebled, while the lower strata are powerfully impregnated. On exposure to external influences, this, however, gradually passes off, which accounts for persons not finding this quality in water which has been transported a distance from the wells."

Mysteries in Wasp-Life.

Professor von Siebold, among his investigations into the private life of insects, has been examining the life-history of certain wasps; and he has arrived at such marvellous and—to non-naturalists—such almost incredible results, that, although the subject is somewhat of a delicate physiological nature, it is well deserving of a notice.

The kind of wasp on which the observations were made, is one that is scientifically known as *Polistes gallicus*; and it was selected because it may, metaphorically, be said to live in a glass house—its nest consisting of a single comb, entirely exposed, and allowing the observer to follow all the actions of its inhabitants, and all the phenomena which take place in its cells. By various ingenious contrivances the professor was able to compel these wasps to fix their homes wherever he chose, and even to make the nests movable, for the purpose of experiment, without alarming the inhabitants.

The nest serves both as a nursery and a habitation for the colony of the young wasps for an entire summer. In the autumn all the wasps, with the exception of a few isolated females, perish. These females were produced

in the summer, and were fertilized in the autumn before the fatal period. They then fall into their winter sleep, and, in the spring, each wasp deposits her eggs in a few cells, which she constructs so as to form a small nest.

The new generation thus engendered are, up to the middle of summer, exclusively females; and those first produced are of very small size, in consequence of the mother being overwhelmed with domestic cares, and being able to supply them with only a scanty amount of food.

These small individuals are not, as was supposed, like the worker-bees, females arrested in their development; but, strange as it appears, perfectly developed females, full of eggs ready to be laid; and those eggs, proceeding from these little virgin wasps, just as invariably produce only males, as the eggs of the original mother produce only females.

As soon as the original mothers have thus produced assistants, in the form of these little virgins, the nests rapidly increase in size, and the larva in the old cells are better fed, and are transformed into wasps as large as their mother. The new females thus produced from the well-fed larva at once take part in the labors of the colony. The nests are enlarged by new cells, which are speedily occupied by eggs laid by the active little virgins; and from these eggs are produced larva, which, in due time (about the first half of July), are developed, as was before observed, into males.

It is evident, therefore, that in *Polistes gallicus* the whole of the male individuals originate by what is termed *parthenogenesis* (or unfertilized eggs); or, in other words, the males have never enjoyed the privilege of having a father.

A Great Glutton.

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of excessive and depraved appetite on record is that of a French soldier, named Tarare, whose case is described, in vol. xxi. of the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales," by Dr. Percy. He was born near Lyons, and came up to Paris, where his first exploit was to eat a basket of apples—at a friend's expense. On various occasions he swallowed a series of corks and other indigestible materials, which produced such violent colic, that he was obliged to attend the Hotel-Dieu, and while being examined almost managed to swallow the watch-chain and seals of the surgeon in attendance, M. Giraud. Desault, on the occasion of one of these attacks of colic, tried to frighten him out of his gross habits by declaring that it would be necessary to open his stomach, and arranged the instruments; he ran away, and relieved himself by copious draughts of warm water. Soon after he found that his appetite had really increased to an excessive amount, probably owing to the continued irritation produced by these absurd tricks. At seventeen years of age, when only weighing one hundred pounds, he could eat twenty-four pounds of beef in as many hours. He now entered the army, and being recognized by the surgeon-major, M. Courville of the Ninth Regiment of Hussars, he was detained for the sake of curiosity. From the day of his admission, he was ordered quadruple rations, with pickings and waste meat, but often slipped into the dispensary to finish off a poultice or two. One day he was observed to seize a large cat: and, after sucking its blood, left, in a very short time, only cleanly-picked bones, the hair being rejected, in the course of about half an hour, like other carnivora. He was fond of serpents and eels, swallowing them whole. On another occasion he consumed in a few minutes a repast, spread out for fifteen German work-people, of milk, etc., after which he

was blown out like a balloon. In the presence of some officers he swallowed, at one sitting, thirty pounds of liver and lights. His insatiable appetite was for once in his life made useful, by his being selected to convey a correspondence between General Beauharnais and a French colonel, which was inserted in a box and swallowed; but he was caught and soundly thrashed. He fell under suspicion of having eaten a child fourteen months old. It is stated that he was of mild and gentle manners and aspect. After death his stomach was found in a very diseased condition.

The New Press Style.

Some of the newspapers have adopted a new way of relating horrible accidents and pathetic events, which is quite effective as well as concise. Here are some examples:

"That was a bitter joke of the man in New Jersey who put a quantity of jalap in some beer his friend was about to drink. The funeral was very generally attended."

"A man in New Hampshire, the other day, ate fifteen dozen raw oysters on a wager. The silver trimmings on his coffin cost twelve dollars and thirty-five cents."

"A young man in Louisville examined a keg of damaged gunpowder with a red-hot poker, to see if it was good. It is believed by his friends that he has gone to Europe, although a man has found some human bones, and a piece of shirt-tail, about twenty miles from Louisville."

"John Smith, in Nebraska, said he could handle a rattlesnake the same as a snake-charmer. The churlishness of the undertaker in demanding pay in advance delayed the funeral four days."

"A circus-rider, in Texas, tried to turn three somersaults on horseback, the other day. The manager sent back to New Orleans for another somersault man."

"A man in New Jersey couldn't wait for the cars to get to the depot, and jumped off. His widow sued his insurance company."

"Few men would attempt to dry dampened gunpowder in a kitchen-stove. A man in Canada did. His afflicted family would be glad of any information as to his whereabouts."

"In Massachusetts, the other day, a man thought he could cross the track in advance of a locomotive. The services at the grave were very impressive."

"A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene. She didn't heed the warning. Her clothes fitted his second wife remarkably well."

Adulteration.

Paris consumes more than a million litres—a litre being about one quart—of salad-oil every year; but, at the largest estimate, only one hundred thousand litres of real olive-oil find their way to the capital. What is the rest made of? There are no less than twenty-eight different recognized methods of adulterating oil; and oil is not an exceptionable article. Almost every thing we eat or drink tempts the cupidity of those who supply the markets. In Paris the most strict supervision is exercised by government to prevent dishonest sales of articles of food. Inspectors constantly keep watch over the butcher's meat; wine-tasters are employed to judge of the quality of the beverages sold in Parisian public-houses; and many persons have it for their sole business to test the freshness and size of eggs offered for sale. Yet frauds are constantly perpetrated. In America the most flagrant adulterations are practised. Half our groceries are contaminated with foreign substances. There are dealers

who can be relied on to furnish the genuine article; but it is really difficult to know whom to trust.

Consumers may easily aid dealers in supplying pure articles to the public. In France it is regarded as a punishable crime to sell alimentary substances which are colored with salts of copper or other injurious articles. But in this country we want *canned* vegetables, like green peas, to look like *fresh* ones, forgetting that it is impossible that they should present exactly the same appearance unless some coloring matter is added, which is, to some extent, unwholesome. When those who can vegetables learn that purchasers demand that they look "green," they will make them so by artificial means—at least many will. Some manufacturers are honest enough to refuse to contaminate the articles they send into the market, and those should be encouraged.

Aphorisms from "Lothair."

"Time moves with equal slowness, whether we experience many impressions or none."

"If we could only so contrive our lives as to go into the country for the first note of the nightingale, and return to town for the first note of the muffin-bell, existence, it is humbly presumed, might be more enjoyable."

"The gardener, like all head gardeners, was opinionated."

"One's life changes in a moment."

"The feeling of satiety, almost inseparable from large possessions, is a surer cause of misery than ungratified desires."

"No real business in them" (referring to the Fenians). "Their treason is a fairy-tale, and their sedition a child talking in its sleep."

"Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are a refutation of that nonsense."

"The external life of a nation is its most important one."

"Threescore-and-ten, at the present day, is the period of romantic passions."

"You know who the critics are! The men who have failed in literature and art."

"Never you sign a paper without reading it first, and knowing well what it means."

"There is no man, however gifted, even however conceited, who has any real confidence in himself till he has acted."

"He loved conversation, though he never conversed. 'There must be an audience,' he would say, 'and I am the audience.'

St. Aldegonde "was opposed to all privilege, and, indeed, to all orders of men except dukes, who are a necessity, and was strongly in favor of the equal division of all property, except land."

An agreeable person is defined as "one who agrees with you."

Porcelain.

Porcelain was known to the Chinese many centuries before our era, and was first introduced into Europe from China by the Portuguese. Chemists and manufacturers of earthenware soon began to imitate this beautiful imported product, and this was first done in France about 1695, although in a very imperfect manner. Real porcelain was first made in Europe by a German chemist named Boetticher, in 1703, but, unfortunately for him, his reputation for profound knowledge became so great that it was believed he possessed the secret of making gold. For this reason, Frederick I., of Prussia, attempted to take him prisoner, in order to get hold of the secret, and, when he fled to Saxony, Augustus II., of Poland, actually put him in prison, with the same intention, and the two monarchs had an earnest dispute as to who had the right to have him.

Boetticher finally succeeded in persuading Augustus that he was totally ignorant of the art of gold-making, and could only make porcelain ware. After this he was kept at work in his prison, and succeeded, in 1709, in producing pure white porcelain. Then he was liberated, and founded a large manufactory at Meissen, where he died, ten years later.

Wishing.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

When I reflect how little I have done,

And add to that how little I have seen,
Then, furthermore, how little I have won
Of joy, or good, how little known, or been;
I long for other life more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run.

Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,

Granted her choice would dare to change with none.

No—not to feel, as Blondel, when his lay

Pierced the strong tower, and Richard answered it—

No, not to do, as Eustace on the day

He left fair Calais to her weeping fit—

No, not to be Columbus, waked from sleep,
When his new world rose from the charmed deep.

Hogg's Dog.

What the Ettrick Shepherd said of his dog, Hector, is now going the rounds. "It is a gude sign of a dawg, sir," says Hogg, "when his face grows like his master's. Hector got me like me, afore he deid, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang till the kirk, I used to send him to tak my place in the pow, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he ance asked me neist day what I thocht o' the sermon; for he saw me wonderful attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look, that I was feared Mr. Paton wud haes observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspictin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile, and jealousie naethin'; though baith Hector and me was like to split, and the dawg, after lauchin' in his sleeve for mair nor a hundred yards, could staun't nae longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potawto-field, pretendin' he scented game."

English Gold Coins.

Gold coins were first issued in England in 1257, in the shape of a penny, of the value of 2d.; only two specimens have come down to us. Florins were next issued, in 1344, of the value of 6s. The noble followed next, of the value of 6s. 8d.; being stamped with a rose, it was called the rose noble. Angels, of the same value as the latter, were issued in 1465. The royal followed next, in 1466, of the value of 10s. Then came the sovereign of 20s., in 1499. The gold crown, of the value of 10s., followed in 1527. Unites and lions were issued in 1603, and exurgats in 1634. The guinea was first issued in 1663, of Guinea gold. In 1733, all the gold coins (except the guineas) were called in, and forbidden to circulate. The present sovereign was first issued in 1817.

The Hill Tribes of Hindostan.

A new work by Captain Lewin contains many interesting notices about the hill tribes of Hindostan. In his sketch of the tribe of Tungthas he informs the reader that their villages are built upon the summits of high mountains, through which men and women go about in a state of almost complete nudity. To the women's lot falls the heaviest share of hard

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sor, and the entire burden of providing for the family. They worship water, fire, earth, and air, and have no idea of saluting superiors, or reverencing parents; their language being totally expressive of thanks or gratitude. The oath, which they swear by cotton, water, or rice, is reputed sacred and inviolable. The crime of adultery is punished with death. When a married woman dies, her husband can marry any of his slaves, and the new wife acquires all the rights and privileges of free women. Each village forms a small republic, independent in every respect of its neighbor. A peculiar feature of the Tungthas is, that they have no doctors, and do not seem to suffer much from the want of them.

The Use of Soap.

The earliest mention of soap is made by Pliny, who declares it to be the invention of the Gauls, though he states his own preference for the German over the Gallic soap. The Latin word *apo*, from which we get our word soap, is said by Beckmann to be derived from the German; the corresponding word, *ape*, being still in use in the lower German dialect. Both hard and soft soaps were in use among the Germans; and Pliny describes not only the mode of manufacture from tallow and ashes, but the use of soap as a medicine.

Varieties.

SPANISH gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behavior in a recent duel of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had quarreled over their caps. They fought twenty paces apart, to advance to a central line and fire at will. One walked forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded man staggered to the line and said, "I am dead. Come thou up and be killed." The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both were dead—like gentlemen.

The Madrid people are innocent. An elderly gentleman last week had his eyes suddenly covered in the streets by some one behind, who playfully said, "Who is it? Guess?" He went on guessing through the round of his friends, when the playful being behind darted off, and left the old gentleman of Spain still bewildered and thinking who it could be. He found out when he got home, and missed a pocket-book with fifteen hundred francs in it, also a gold repeater and handsome chain and seals.

An irreverent Athens correspondent, speaking of the new railroad from that city to Piraeus, says: "Think of Socrates soliloquizing over a steam-engine; Diogenes, with his tub, dead-heading it to the Piraeus, or haggling about a seven-cent ticket; of Euripides working up a railroad catastrophe into one of his polished tragedies; of the courtly Xenophon taking topographical notes for his 'Anabasis' from the window of a sleeping car; or of Alcibiades lolling in the smoking-car and playing a game of high-low-jack for the cigars!"

They have a very simple way of issuing readmission tickets to places of amusement in the Philippine Islands. When a native wishes to leave the apartment with the intention of returning he has his naked forearm, near the wrist, stamped as he goes out with a black die, which secures his readmission, and at the same time obviates all anxiety as to his losing his ticket. On his return the mark is easily wiped out.

An English writer is making war upon the vowel *u*, demanding its expulsion from all such words as labour, favour, honour. He says the useless use of this letter in a single copy of the London *Times* costs ten pounds, and that in English books and periodicals alone it increases the cost of publication fully ten thousand pounds a year, without yielding any practical good.

A Boston lady was invited at ten o'clock Saturday night to join a party of friends who were going to Europe. On Monday morning at eight o'clock she sailed, and her baggage consisted of a small trunk, containing a change of clothes, a black silk dress, and a blanket shawl.

Hawthorne relates an anecdote of Charles Dickens, "that, during some theatrical performances in Liverpool, he acted in play and farce, spent the rest of the night making speeches, feasting, and drinking at table, and ended at seven o'clock in the morning by jumping leap-frog over the backs of the whole company."

A gentleman of Boston, who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied: "Oh, he is one of those men who have soaring after the infinite, and diving after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

The late Junius Brutus Booth, who was a devout Roman Catholic, once walked from his farm in Harford County, Maryland, to Washington, D. C., with leaden inner soles in his shoes, by way of penance for some sin he fancied he had committed.

At a public sale of books in London, Drew's "Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, asked the auctioneer if he had any more books on shoemaking to sell."

The *Revue des deux Mondes* publishes a series of articles on Berlin society in the days of Schiller and Goethe, from which it appears that Madame de Staél was regarded as a bore by the German *littérature*.

In the grave-yard at Childwald, England, are the following queer epitaphs:

"Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call, 'Oysters!'"

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Seidlitz waters,
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults."

An assistant-marshall, in taking the census in Louisville, asked a colored woman what personal property she possessed, and received the sober reply, "Nothing but dese three chillen yere, an' they ain't wuth much."

A Delaware farmer curbed the friskiness of his oxen's tails by tying a brick to each. He considered the plan a failure when one of the brutes swung the brick at a maddening fly and brained the farmer's oldest boy.

Nine families have contributed three members each to the English House of Commons, and in the same body there are twenty-one pairs of brothers and seven pairs of fathers and sons.

A wag explains the immense popularity of "Lothair" by saying that Mr. Disraeli is one of those false prophets of whom it was predicted that they should cause men to say, "Lo here" and "Lo there."

Etruscan jewelry made over two thousand years ago was recently worn in public by an Italian lady, and was declared by competent judges to be superior in workmanship and finish to any made at present in Paris.

A New-York editor recently wrote that Olive Logan had sprained her ankle. Imagine his astonishment when the types made him say that that fair but independent spinster had "married her uncle."

Mary Russell Mitford, in one of her letters in 1820, said: "I write merely for remuneration, and I would rather scrub floors if I could get as much by that healthier and more respectable and feminine employment."

Last year, in Java, one hundred and eighty-three men, fifty-two women, and thirty-eight children, were killed by tigers, one hundred and fifty-eight persons by crocodiles, and twenty-two by snakes.

One of the Yankton Sioux chiefs calls himself "Bill Goosequill." A newspaper says:

"This is evidently a rude attempt by the red-man to pay a tribute to the name and fame of William Penn."

A rude fellow once told Mr. Barnum he had never exhibited any thing that wasn't a barefaced humbug. "Yes, I have," said Barnum; "the bearded lady wasn't bare-faced."

Warsaw, Poland, has two hundred and fifty-four thousand five hundred and sixty-one inhabitants. Of this number sixty-seven thousand five hundred and eighty-four are Jews.

It is now said that the Marquis of Lothian, as well as the Marquis of Bute, has contributed his share to the central characters of Disraeli's book.

Four business-firms in London have names which make curious combinations—Flint & Steel, Ward & Lock, Lamb & Hare, and Holland & Sherry.

A Western judge, while bathing lately, was robbed by boys of all his clothing except a silk hat and umbrella, in which attire he had to make his way home.

Victor Hugo made thirty-two thousand dollars from his publications last year, but spent nearly the whole amount in aiding his sons to establish the *Rappel* newspaper in Paris.

Mr. Hawthorne, in his "English Notes," says that all the praise he heard of Lady Byron gave him an "idea of an intolerably-irreproachable person."

A Connecticut gymnast has beaten the man in the bramble-bush. He dislocated a wrist on the horizontal bar, and in turning back rejointed it.

A man is said to be absent-minded when he thinks he has left his watch at home and takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to return home to get it.

A Western woman is writing in favor of limited marriages for a given time, ranging from one to three years, with the privilege of renewal by mutual consent.

The reason there are so many mutton-heads in existence is, because such a number of children are "perfect little lambs."

Why is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

A man in Atlanta (Ga.) recently, who sleeps with his mouth open, had his false teeth stolen by an adroit thief.

The Comanche Indians don't like the negro troops employed on the Texan frontier. It's too much trouble to scalp them.

A young man at a recent fire threw away a nail of water because it was too hot to do any good.

Perhaps the critics who denounce Disraeli's late novel think him too old to make a gay Lothario.

"I shall be better presently," were the last recorded words of Charles Dickens.

The cup that neither cheers nor inebrates—the hic-cup.

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

The baker kneads much, and yet sells everything he kneads himself.

Wall Street is seldom original, but is great in quotations.

The Museum.

ALL authors of antiquity relate the charming fable of the floating nest of the Halcyon. It was toward the setting of the Pleiades, according to their account, that the bird of the storm built it. Then the murmur of the waves ceased, and the winds grew silent, in order that the work might be accomplished on a tranquil sea. These were the beautiful days, so rare in the winter-solstice

which the pilots called "halcyon days."

"These nests," says Pliny, "are worthy of admiration; they have the shape of a ball, and resemble a large sponge. They cannot be cut with iron, but a violent shock shivers them." Plutarch believed that they were composed only of fish-bones interlaced. But it appears that the philosopher mistook the *carapaces* (upper shell, or covering) of the *echinus*, brought ashore by the waves, for the nests of the halcyon.

Though it is well known now that the halcyon of antiquity, which is nothing more than our kingfisher, does not commit a floating nest to the calm of the sea, ornithologists who study the habits of the inhabitants of our fens have discovered some species, the remarkable nidification of which resembles the celebrated myth. This is the case with the nest of the little grebe. This bird



Floating Nests of the Little Grebe.

hatches its young upon a regular raft, which is a mass of strong stems of aquatic plants closely united together. As these contain a considerable amount of air in their numerous cells, and as, in addition, they liberate gases during the process of decomposition, the nest becomes much lighter than the water. It is found floating in lonely spots where the tall rushes and great reeds grow. There, upborne on her watery bed, the female tranquilly broods upon her offspring. But, if any meddler happens to discover her, if anything threatens her safety, the wild bird plunges one of her feet into the water, and makes use of it as a paddle with which she transports her dwelling to a distance. The little navigator guides its frail craft whither it likes, sometimes dragging along a perfect sheet of water-plants, looking like a little island.

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NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in Supplements, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, 63, and 67.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61; Part Third with No. 65.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

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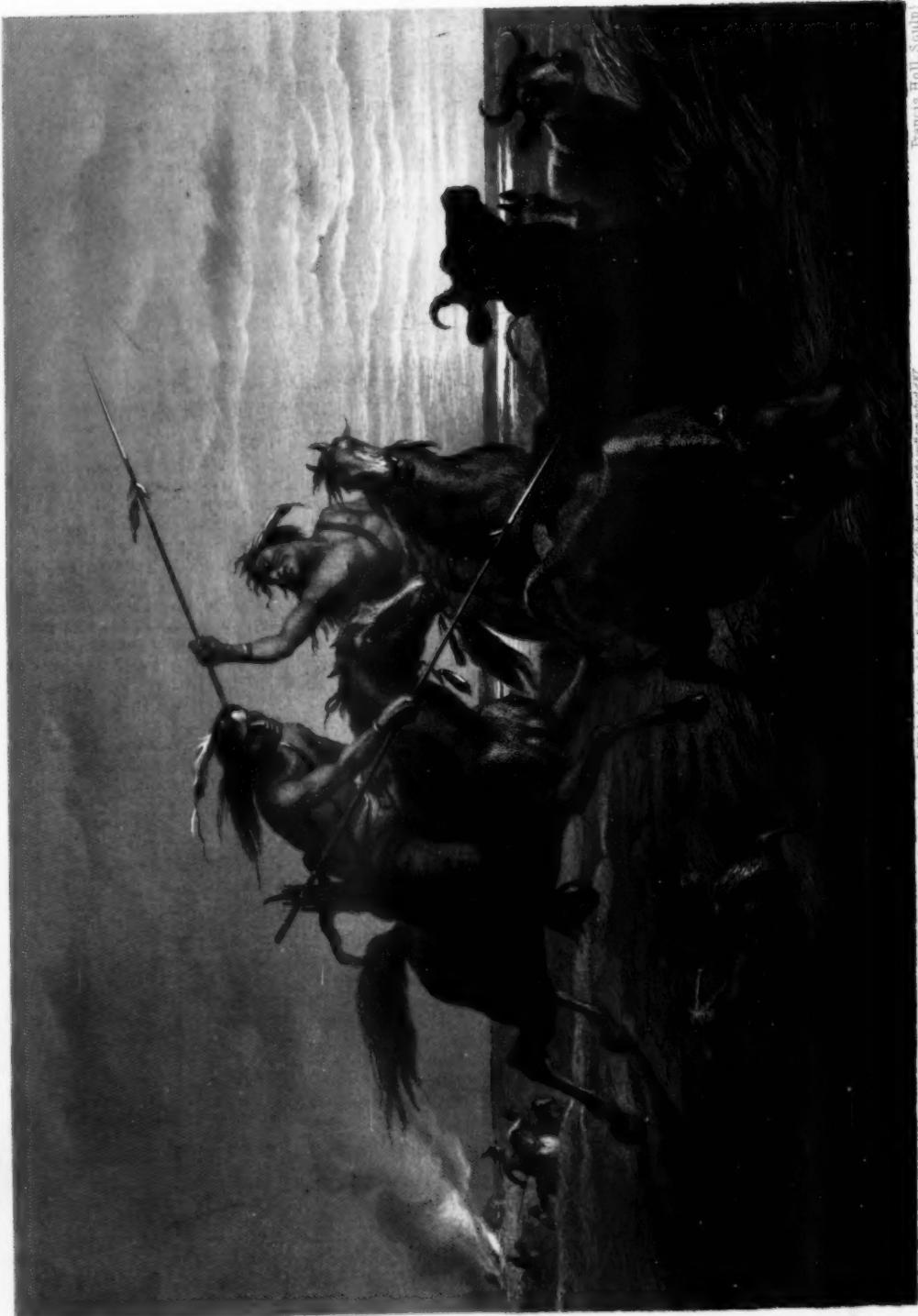
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Frances Hall, Sculptor

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